

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The question of the *bona fides* of the Hurontario Aqueduct Company is occupying a certain amount of attention. It is unfortunate for this concern that its chief promoter fails to enjoy the confidence of the City Council. This being admittedly the case, I cannot be thought ungenerous if I speak of the whole scheme as it is spoken of by others, nor be thought inconsistent if now, as always, I denounce the Ship Canal scheme as a circus balloon intended to attract the eyes of the people to a smaller and more creditable concern. The promoters of the Hurontario Ship Canal monstrosity should have known that their chief and only practicable scheme would be injured by the making of the preposterous proposition which was their original claim to public attention. Now that they have become more moderate in their promises and more practical in their methods, they cannot blame the public nor the aldermen who are supposed to guard the public interest if there be a very distinct remembrance of the dizzy foolishness of their original conduct. Prior to the advancement of their original absurdity, propositions had been made to the public that were identically their present scheme, separated entirely from any civic guarantee outside of the acceptance of water delivered in the reservoirs at a cost not exceeding the present price per gallon. The material out of which they built up their monstrosity was this proposal—investigated at one time by the City Council and endorsed later on by capitalists—and they added to it a scheme which was enough to make sensible people laugh and honest electors afraid. No doubt their idea was to alienate from those who already had the matter in hand any fresh chance to appeal to the public on behalf of the plan for bringing water and power to Toronto from the higher waters of Lake Huron or Lake Simcoe. After professing to have obtained a certain amount of capital they posture as astounded and outraged inasmuch as a number of aldermen of known value to the city fail to have any faith in their good intentions. If they had been honest and straightforward from the beginning this lion would not now be in their path. Having been devious and misleading, as is the habit of at least one of the chief promoters, they cannot now consider themselves in any worse plight than the card-sharper who is perhaps unduly watched when playing with gentlemen.

Undoubtedly there is money in the water and power scheme—big money. If the city sees fit to make this money and make the city at the same time, it is within the power of the corporation to do so. The facts in the case have been before the electors and aldermen for years—very fully for nearly two years, for it was an issue in the mayoralty campaign in '92-'93. Like the city plan for electric lighting, the advantages have been fully set forth, and it must be apparent that the moment is nigh when a decision must be arrived at. I believe the city should and could undertake the scheme. If the Council is not sure of itself in the matter, give the contract to somebody else and let the work go on. If they suspect the present syndicate, advertise for a new one, but move on.

It cannot be disguised that with the brag and buncombe of the present chief promoter, suspicion entered the aldermanic heart. This, however, should not kill the idea. If the scheme is good go on with it in some shape or let the blusterer have the field, safeguarded, of course, by every enactment possible. In order to find out where the aggressive organization that demands a hearing stands, it would be business-like to make plain first: Has the deposit of one hundred thousand dollars a string on it? Is it the money of a bank lent to schemers who, if they get a franchise, will make it good, while if they lose, it will simply permit the bank to pull the money back into its coffers together with a certain sum for the accommodation? Have the company abandoned any pretension to the building of a ship canal? If they have not, no franchise should be granted them, for the scheme was wild and shoddy from the start.

Is the first million they propose to spend in a material shape? Toronto cannot afford to lose the chance of being the center of a great expenditure and the terminus of a great work, nor can it afford to be made a fool of. That the scheme is feasible, if divested of its canal absurdity, I do not doubt; that it would make money for its investors if prudently constructed, I do not doubt; that if constructed at all it would be of inestimable advantage to Toronto is self-evident. This much having been admitted, why should Toronto, as a corporation, hang back? By reason of a doubt of the *bona fides* of the promoters? Let it be remembered that it is only at second-hand that they got the scheme, and if it were original with them that it was de-

This shoddy phase of it can easily be ripped off. If the scheme is good it can be handled, not as the trick of a discredited promoter, but as the outgrowth of the carefully considered belief of a great city. Let us handle it that way!

If those connected with the present scheme were the originators of the idea or the first to offer to put money into it, I would say let them make money out of their shrewdness and brains. But it is not so. They are but the imitators of others, and if the people of Toronto are now educated up to this idea, as I hope they are, let straight business methods be adopted and to no one will an injustice be done, and the best there is in the idea will be brought out.

rather out of his ordinary habit. The act itself, however, and not the peculiarities of the man is before the public and justice should be done him and his meritorious enterprise. The letter issued by the trustees of the Massey Hall without doubt is a fair statement of the whole thing. While he gave the hall to Toronto he did not endow it or agree to run it. If he had, his benevolence would have been taxed considerably beyond what an ordinary man could stand. When the trustees demanded seventy-five dollars a night for the Moody revival meetings they stated a price which was remarkably low, and the men who criticized it showed their size to be remarkably small. Every day it becomes more apparent that if anybody does a generous

computation of eternity in a way that rather unsettles my belief that they [are, after anything but entertainment.

To-day the statue of Sir John Macdonald will be unveiled in the Queen's Park. As the country grows older and individually those who were critics of the great statesman's career grow older, the great accomplishments of the man and the achievements of his lifetime are more generally admitted. It is easy for those who know nothing of the temptations of public life or the apathy which it is so hard to disturb in those who should be foremost in promoting political affairs, to criticize leaders and point out with painful truthfulness and unutterable smallness this and that mistake, but when each member of the Canadian community takes himself aside and asks what he did to build up the Dominion, he will see in the room with him the spirit of the great Premier and will come out ready to speak words of eulogy for him who devoted his lifetime to the building up of Canada's nationality and the promotion of the enterprises which should make us great.

A great deal of discussion is going on with regard to the place the Patrons will occupy in the next Legislative Assembly. They know, and everybody knows, that they cannot become partisans in the political sense of the word. I think it is quite safe to let them take care of themselves. Indeed, that seems to be their idea, for nothing in their platform suggests that they care a continental what becomes of any of the rest of us. It appears to me to be a weakness in their sizing up of Canadian possibilities, that no regard is being shown to those who are not farmers. It reminds me of a story which is perhaps none too new: The principal tailor in a town was at the county ball in an English shire. These affairs are open to all comers, as it were, and the tailor, who had made a good deal of money, went up to the lord of the manor, who was gracing the event by his presence, with the remark, "My lord, this is a very mixed assembly," to which my lord replied, "That is so, but you know we cannot all be farmers." This is thrown in just incidentally to draw attention to the fact that we cannot all be farmers. Most of us have been farmers, and some first-rate farmers have been spoiled to make very poor lawyers and doctors and editors, yet it is the result of circumstances which the farmer should have controlled and we should not be blamed for it.

I heard a very good thing about an American traveler in England. As you all know, trunks are not checked there as they are here. The baggageman pastes a label on the thing and you have to watch it more or less till it arrives at its destination. The Yankee felt very insecure, inasmuch as he lacked the brass check to which he was used. At every stopping-place he got out and looked for his trunk to see that it was on board. The guard became very weary of the persistent enquiries. At last he said, "Do you know, I wish you was a

helephant instead of a bass." The American enquired why. "Because, if you was a helephant you would always have your trunk in front of you."

The policy of the corporation it seems to me should be in the direction of making the Water Front more attractive than it is. Visitors come in and see Toronto from an Esplanade point of view and go away with the idea that it is a slovenly, ill kept city. It should be possible to make the locality which strangers see much more attractive than it is. There is no necessity of waiting until the Union station is built, but activity should be shown in straightening up—at least tidying up—localities which necessarily impress those who pass through. The island is very rapidly becoming attractive in summer time, but we should have no place where the stranger can see offensive things. Those who pass through Toronto nowadays are certainly not given the best view of our resources, our cleanliness, or the many things that make Toronto pleasant and lovable to those who reside here. It would certainly be to our profit if the aldermen were



CHARGER OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS.

monstrated a score of centuries ago that good can come out of Nazareth. The proposition then rests in this shape: Firstly—A majority of the aldermen believe in the Water and Power scheme with a northern lake as source. A number of them do not believe in the *bona fides* of the promoters. Then let them advertise for tenders. Some people think that great wealth will be conferred on those who undertake this work. This is an age of competition, therefore advertise the privilege for sale as the street-car franchise was advertised. If it is so good a thing it will be snapped up. If the present tenderers are the only holders of a charter it is inconceivable that others could not obtain similar privileges. The whole trouble, to my mind, has arisen out of the primary conditions of the project; that is to say, the scheme was so large, so inexplicable to the mind of the average stay-at-home man who does not know that the world has been re-created by electricity, that it was esteemed a fad. Next, as the electoral mind was beginning to grasp it, a rubbishy canal farce was added to it in order to attract the silly people who believe in "great works."

The one thing that every public-spirited citizen should guard against is the small, plimsire principle that nobody should be let make anything out of an idea that is obviously in Toronto's interests. We can afford any sort of a deal in preference to a hold-back programme laid down by men who believe in nothing because they have nothing to think or believe with.

The scheme is good: the working out of it is really the great problem of the decade as far as Toronto is concerned. Age may ripen it, we may fall to pay interest and taxes while it is being worked; therefore let the matter be considered seriously at once, settled for good, and the future development of the city will thus be assured.

The people of Toronto, or at least a section of the press, which presumably represents a phase of popular sentiment, seem hard to please. When Mr. Massey built the Massey Music Hall and donated it to the City of Toronto, he did a generous act which, by way of passing comment, may be remarked as

thing for Toronto or any section of Toronto, some wide-mouthed agitator tries to prove that he ought to have done more. The men who make the greatest disturbance in this matter never give up any time or money to the furtherance of philanthropic schemes. The Massey Hall is there, it is the people's property; when it is used a certain amount has to be paid for it in order to maintain it, and those who have brought Mr. Moody here to revive us spiritually should be the last ones to haggle over their portion of the maintenance. Of course if Mr. Massey brought Mr. Moody here should pay him or at least assisted to do so—not in connection with the hall, but as one of those who invited the gentle, world-loved Moody to this city. If Mr. Moody cannot save seventy-five dollars' worth of souls per night with the enormous opportunities which will be given to him by an audience that could gather in no other building in the city, he will certainly be working in a field that has very little in it. It seems harsh to reckon up our future prospects in this cold-blooded way, and yet the committee in charge of the affair forces this mathematical

to notice this deficiency and do something for the railroad front at once. We do not, and cannot, know how the opinions of others are formed, yet it is within the limit of aldermanic possibilities to make what is obvious to all visitors as slightly objectionable as possible.

A couple of weeks ago I called attention to the increase of mendicancy. No attention seems to have been paid to it by the authorities, for begging is still as prevalent as ever and the pertinacity of those who solicit alms is even greater. I do not desire to appear as one who refuses to give, yet it is very objectionable to have the giving made involuntary and disheartening by the presentation of horrible deformities, repulsive features or extreme decrepitude. It is sad to think that all of us may degenerate into possible alms-seekers, yet the taxes of the city, not the nerves and susceptibilities of the people, should be made respond to the claims of those who cannot take care of themselves.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The first reception held by Mrs. Kirkpatrick since the family bereavement which threw Sir David Macpherson's family into mourning last winter, took place on Wednesday afternoon and was a brilliant affair. Scores of society people and many widely known in other and solid fields of conquest paid their respects to the gracious mistress of Government House, who received them with the charming welcome which she knows so well how to accord. From shortly after four o'clock the stream of visitors came and went, until the tea-room was a babel of bright tones and a changing picture of smart gowns and smiling faces. The Lieutenant-Governor was out of town, being absent unavoidably on an official engagement, and everyone missed his genial greeting. Among the visitors were: Mr. and Miss Nordheimer, who, I think, brought with them Mr. Reginald De Koven—at all events the clever young man, whose production of Rob Roy has had so farious a rage at the Grand this week, was at the reception and made lots of friends; Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mrs. Willie Mulock, looking very pretty in her large red cloak with black fur edged cape; Mr. and the Misses Elmalie, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Misses Riordan, Bunting, Arthur, Colonel Otter, Dr. Meyers, Mr. Minty, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Horace Lee of Ottawa, Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Young of Winnipeg, the Misses Strickland, the Misses Murphy, Miss Mary Drayton, Miss Katie Stevenson, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Hay, Messrs. Thomas, Edgar, Burritt, Minty, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Miss Houston of Niagara, and a great many others who are glad to enjoy again the bright hour's reunion at Government House on Wednesdays. The salons looked very handsome and numbers of fine plants and palms were effectively placed here and there. I think the very prettiest feature in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's drawing-room is the arrangement of beautiful soft-tinted silk cushions on fauteuils and sofas. There are literally dozens of them, charmingly and cozily piled up, and when one remarks on their beauty and abundance one may be fortunate enough to catch one of those bright looks for which brown eyes are the happiest medium, and hear a sweet voice say confidently, "It is one of my pet weaknesses, a love of plenty of pretty cushions," and one wishes devoutly that all life's hard corners may be duly cushioned for her who speaks.

The Hunt Club's first race meet was held last Saturday and weather, sport and attendance combined to make it most encouraging and enjoyable success. The October afternoon was as bright as could be, and though the air was rather chill, the fair faces that adorned the members' stand showed not a tinge of discomfort. The boxes were filled with a smart crowd, among whom were: The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Percy and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beadmore, Mr. George Beadmore, Mrs. McCullough, Mr. S. and Miss Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, President and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Annie Hendrie, Major and Mrs. John D. Hay, Mr. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. R. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. and the Misses James, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss Ebel White, Miss Arthur, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Miss Walker, Mr. Bertie and Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Totten and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Alfred Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mr. George Stinson, Capt. Lessard, Mr. and Miss Small, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Willie and the Misses Homer Dixon, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Addie Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, the Misses Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Miss Amy Riordan, and many others. Among the pretty gowns was Miss Hendrie's fawn flowered silk with cherry ribbons, with which she wore a charming hat wreathed with red cherries; Mrs. Hay was in brown velvet and wore a large hat that became her to perfection; Mrs. Hendrie was warmly wrapped in black velvet and ermine, and wore a small dainty bonnet; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy looked wonderfully well, and was in a rich heavy costume with a bonnet set off with cerise velvet trimmings; Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore mottled gray with black serpentine braid in many rows and vest of mouse-color corded velvet with pearl buttons; Mrs. Forsyth Grant was in black and white, her beautiful ermine snugly encircling her pliant face; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, who is always one of the most elegant and beautiful women, looked lovely in a large hat and black and white gown; Mrs. Cecil Gibson topped a dainty costume with a smart bonnet with satin ribbons in deep rose, and a fluffy neck ruche in the same cosy-looking shade, making a very pretty spot of warmth and brightness; Miss Riordan, with her charming sea shell complexion and aureole of flaxen hair, was trimly gowned, and wore a nothing of a bonnet in jet and pale blue;

Mrs. Ed. Cox had a very smart little flat bonnet with mercury wings springing from bright red choice of velvet; Mrs. James wore also a dainty little bonnet, and a wrap of royal purple velvet with jet passementerie; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald was warmly wrapped in a mink cloak; Miss Cawthra wore a charming French gown, a daring combination of green and blue, which was vastly chic. Many a dashing costume only showed peeps and hints of lustrous satin and soft velvet, for the dames who are sensitive to cold remained hidden under furs and wrapped in rich cloaks. The races were watched with an interest and appreciation never seen at any other meet, for a personal acquaintance quickens both. The red-coat race was beautifully ridden to win by Mr. Forester on Dodo. It was a real pleasure to see this perfect horseman making the pace and many congratulations greeted him, though there was disappointment among some of the



fair that Mr. Alfred Beadmore came in second instead of first. However, it is no great hardship to owe a beating to Mr. Forester. A great deal of amusement and some apprehension were created by the conduct of Speculator, who first got rid of his jockey and then proceeded to arrange the course as an erratic fancy prompted, unheeding some and annoying all of the riders, and finally sailing down the homestretch alongside the winner with a most businesslike and self-satisfied air. It is to be hoped the weather this afternoon will be fine and that the second day's sport will be even better than the first.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Totten are giving up their house on St. George street and intend boarding for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong returned from their trip to the Old Country the end of last month. They spent a delightful visit in England and Ireland, with a short time in Paris, and decided to leave their daughter, Miss Helen, for another year at school in the south of England.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron will be home very shortly.

Mrs. Burton of Wellington street gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Another Tuesday tea was given by Mrs. Spraggs.

Mrs. W. H. Scott of 31 Euclid avenue has left the city to visit friends in Chicago and Sioux City.

Miss M. Hodgins is spending September and October with her aunt, Mrs. Macdonald of Ottawa.

Mr. Fred G. Anderson on Friday last won the Granite Lawn Tennis championship cup, presented by Mr. F. D. Benjamin, also the championship gold medal, presented by the president of the club, Mr. C. N. Candee.

Mr. H. Kiteon and family have removed from 192 Sherbourne street to Detroit. They carry with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends and acquaintances for their success and happiness in their new home.

Mrs. E. Nixon accompanied her sister, Mrs. H. Kiteon, to Detroit, where she is enjoying vacation for two or three weeks.

The Yacht Club Ball, that gorgeous function which has always topped the sheaf of the winter's gayeties, has been finally da'ed for November 9 and will be held in the Granite Rink.

A dance at East Lawn is on the tapis for November. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson have been in mourning for a season, and the customary hospitalities of this genial host and hostess were for a time suspended. But there is a rumor of one of their welcome evenings in the near future.

Mrs. Charles E. Brown will be at Home to her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 16 and 17, at 2 St. James avenue, also on Wednesday evening.

Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie left on Friday of last week for Niagara and other points of interest.

Mr. J. Turner Gillard, who has been spending a holiday in Hamilton, goes in a few days to fill a position in one of the largest tea houses in New York.

The Woman's Medical College held their annual reception at the college on Sumach street on Monday evening, and, as usual, the building was thronged with guests. Addresses and reports with a valedictory were read from the usual cogene of vantage on the grand stairway by the professors of the college and the lecturers, Miss Simington reading the valedictory. Principal Caven and others spoke briefly, after which the guests were regaled with some very delicious fruit-ices and cakes, and also escorted about the building. I am informed that a residence for the lady students is one of the crying needs of the hour, and can quite understand the advantages which such an addition would assure to the college. Let us hope that before the next reunion a residence will be fait accompli.

News has come of the engagement and shortly-to-be-consummated marriage of Miss Jardine-Thomson to an American millionaire.

Mrs. and Miss G. B. Smith of Sherbourne street were at Home to a large circle of friends last Saturday evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar, Dr. Teistle, Dr. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Edward

Trow, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mr. Peter Ball, Mr. Edward McCullough, Mrs. McCullough, Dr. and Mrs. Greig, Miss Edie Morrison, Miss Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Malone, Miss Lampert, Dr. Stacey and others.

Mr. Herbert C. Kennedy, youngest son of Mayor Kennedy, has gone to New York.

Miss Ella Stanbury is visiting friends in Woodstock.

Miss Lye of Parkdale left last week to spend some time with her father in Detroit.

Mr. George Ince has returned from Japan, where he has been for many months.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher are residing at 55 Wellesley street for the winter.

Miss Maude Beach has gone to New York, where she will make her home and enter on a course of musical study under the best masters. Toronto will miss this sweet vocalist who has so often charmed by her singing in opera and concert.

The residence of Mr. J. F. Brown, Dowling avenue, Parkdale, was the scene of a very merry gathering on Friday evening of last week, the occasion being a farewell dance to Miss Annie Ellis of New York, who has been one of Toronto's guests this summer. Mrs. Brown, one of June's brides, dispensed the duties of hostess. Among those present were: Mrs. Alf. Merrick, Miss Annie Ellis of New York, Miss M. Fraser, Miss Rene Hadley, the Misses Miln, the Misses Tinning, Miss Bywater, Miss Holm and the Misses Anderson, and Messrs. H. Walker, J. McKittrick, Griffin, Fred Armstrong, H. Wilson, H. Fraser, J. Miln, R. Somers, F. Martin and others.

Hon. J. W. and Mrs. Sifton of Winnipeg, Manitoba, have been spending a few days in the city, the guests of Mrs. Digman, 250 Rushmore road.

Mrs. Theodore King, who has been the guest of Mrs. Allan at Strathallan, has returned to the Arlington.

Mrs. G. Waller of Dowling avenue has returned to Toronto after summering in England.

A very delightful dance was that at the Victoria Club given during the visit of the English cricketers. The club did not go in for elaborate display, and the buffet supper was of the lightest possible description, but the guests enjoyed themselves to the uttermost, proving that it is not altogether the cost of a function which makes for success. A goodly number of the leaders of society turned out, and the lady patronesses were a representative group of Toronto's nice people. The cricketers, who were dining at Government House and elsewhere, arrived at about ten o'clock. Lady Agnes de Trafford, with her sister-in-law, Miss Maud de Trafford, with Mr. de Trafford, Lady Agnes wore a robe de bal of white faille with buttercup bodice and foot-trimmings. She is a rather tall and animated young woman, with a charming English voice; Miss de Trafford is petite, with dark hair and bright color, and wore a turquoise blue silk gown; both ladies were very simply coiffed. Another stranger was Mrs. Ogilvie, a bride from Quebec, who will reside in Kingston after her honeymoon, of which the Victoria dance was a pleasant episode; Mrs. Gibson was in pale fawn brocade satin with a berthe of chiffon frills; Mrs. Cosby wore a magnificent gown of delicate green brocade satin, with velvet trimmings and diamonds; Mrs. Sweny was in a dainty gown of white silk and gold passementerie; Mrs. John Cawthra was also handsomely gowned in rich brocade; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, who was more an onlooker than a participant in the gayety, gave people a glimpse of a charming dress in the early part of the evening; Mrs. Miles wore black lace with white ribbons; Mrs. Chadwick wore a rich gown of canary silk and black lace; Mrs. John Wright was in heliotrope brocade with white lace; Mrs. F. C. Moffatt looked stunning in white satin, with a large knot of pink and crimson roses on the left shoulder and in her golden hair, which was, as usual, arranged to perfection; Mrs. Henry Duggan was in white; Mrs. Frank Anglin in rose pink; Mrs. Montizambert in black with handsome trimmings; Mrs. Dunsford wore a pale flesh-tinted satin with trimmings of garnet velvet; Mrs. Farrar was gowned in mauve silk, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Cecil Gibson wore a striped silk in pale blue and white; Mrs. Harman was in black silk and lace; Mrs. Stephen Haas wore gray and pink brocade; Mrs. Heen, black moire and lace; Mrs. Wallbridge was in black with rich passementerie; Mrs. Maddison wore a black gown with scarlet full sleeves veiled in white; Mrs. Oliphant, black silk and jet, with chiffon; Mrs. Spraggs was also in black, with apple green velvet sleeves and black lace. Many other handsomely gowned matrons graced the scene, and among the unmarried women present I remarked: Misses Montizambert, Hodgins, Small, Rae, Macdonald, Montgomery, Thompson, Rowan of Winnipeg, B. Dartnell of Whitby, Walker, Matthews, Hugel, King, Emslie, Horetzky, Amy Beatty, Cadwick, Gaylord, Hedley, Scott, Cawthra, McMurray, Mason, T. Mason, Morphy, Hoskins, Strickland, Wadsworth, Wallbridge, and, beside the guests of the evening, grave-faced Lord Hawke and the victorious eleven, Captain Kirkpatrick, Major Cosby, Captain Robertson, Captain Michie, Judge Dartnell, Colonel Sweny, Dr. Trow, Peters, Fletcher, Thistle, Meyers, Bentley, Meares, Alfred Jones, Goldingham, Cowan, Fleury, Cawthra, Thomas, Minty, O'Reilly, Chadwick, Frazer, Danison, Dunsford, Harman, Small, Baines, Bull, Polson, Knight, Hoskin, and J. Wright, were a few of the gentlemen present.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hyslop are settled in their pretty home at 533 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Hyslop will receive on the 22nd and 23rd of this month, both afternoon and evening.

A very charming wedding which owed one of its most successful features to the beautiful weather which prevailed on the date of the ceremony, October 2, was that of Miss Christina Hay, daughter of the late James Hay of Wood-

stock and sister to the mayor of that city, and Mr. Malcolm Douglas, also of Woodstock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. McMullen, pastor of Knox church, and took place under a marquee on the lawn of the summer residence of the Mayor, Mr. James Hay. Miss Hay's wedding gown was of cream white poplin trimmed with pearl passementerie, and she wore a veil and wreath of natural flowers, bride roses. Her little maids of honor were Miss Edna Hay, daughter of Mayor Hay, and Miss Jessie Hay, daughter of Mr. John Hay of Owen Sound. They wore frocks of pink crepon, and carried shepherdess hats filled with roses slung by ribbons to their arms. Miss McMullen was bridesmaid, in buttercup Indian gauze with yellow roses. The best man was Mr. Will Douglas, of McCarthy, Osler & Co. After the ceremony a *dejeuner* was served under canvas and an orchestra played upon the lawn. This *al fresco* wedding was voted one of the prettiest ceremonies possible, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left on the afternoon train, followed by hearty congratulations, for a trip to various American cities. On their return they will reside in Woodstock. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Bernard avenue, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hay, Mr. and Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Pieper of Owen Sound, Miss McTaggart of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hay of New York, Miss Woodhull of Saginaw, Miss McTaggart of Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. John Bain of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Gillespie of Hamilton, Mrs. McLean of Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. James Nasmyth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nasmyth of Stratford, and others. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl star, and to the bridesmaid and maids of honor, pearl pins.

Dr. Stevenson is away for a visit of a couple of weeks.

The little maids of St. Simon's congregation hold a sale of work this afternoon in the school-room, in aid of Seaton Village. The work is all done by the children themselves.

Mrs. Fuller of Rosedale has been visiting in Ottawa and returned home this week.

Mrs. Street Maclellan left for England on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Grasset Baldwin gave a small dinner on Friday last.

To the Argonaut Club will belong the credit of opening St. George's Hall for the season, as the club have decided on holding their dance there on Tuesday evening. This dance, which is sure to be a very swaggar affair, has the following list of lady patronesses: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. H. Hammond, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. J. P. Murray and Mrs. Fraser. The first idea of having the dance at the club house was happily abandoned and an increased interest has been at once taken in the affair since the change of location has been decided upon. The Argonauts have so many friends and admirers that a dance given by them is assured of success.

Miss Dartnell of Whitby was a much admired guest at the Victoria Club dance. She wore a black frock veiled with rich lace and a single crimson rose in her hair.

The Queen's Hotel presented a gay appearance last Saturday, it being the starting point of the members of the Hunt Club to the Woodbine. The coaching parade was led by Mr. George Beadmore's four-in-hand with the Government House party. President and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Hendrie were in Major and Mrs. Hay's handsome wagonette. Dog-cart tandems were driven by Lieut. Laurie and Mr. T. N. Beadmore. Others whom I noticed present were: Captain and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. and Miss Arthur, Miss Louie James, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Miss Bechune, Mr. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, Mr. George Stinson and Mr. Wyld.

Monseigneur O'Brien, Papal Ablegate of Rome, is at present the guest of Sir Frank and Lady Smith of Rivermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Morrison have taken up house at 173 Madison avenue. Mrs. Morrison will be at Home on Wednesday and Thursday, November 14 and 15.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, the popular proprietor of the Summit House, P. Cockburn, Muskoka, is visiting friends in the city.

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Music.

DeKoven and Smith's new comic opera, *Rob Roy*, which is holding the boards at the Grand this week, is being produced on a scale of splendor, whether regarded from a musical, dramatic or scenic point of view, which has seldom been equalled in Toronto. The dramatic and scenic features of the production are treated of by our dramatic editor in another column. Musically the work will not, in my opinion, bear comparison with DeKoven's earlier work, *Robin Hood*, when viewed from the standpoint of comic opera. Several numbers, it is true, particularly the finales of the first and second acts, rise to a musical level superior perhaps to anything contained in *Robin Hood*, but the general serious vein pervading the numbers instanced is more suggestive of grand than comic opera. The clever simultaneous employment of well known Scottish melodies in the finale of the second act furnishes a striking proof of the musicianship of the composer, although the decidedly composite character of the finale of this act and of the work, as a whole, suggesting at times Wagner and again Sullivan, Offenbach and others, betrays a lack of originality which materially weakens the general effect. The orchestration is clever throughout. A noticeable absence of catchy melodies and characteristic solo numbers is probably due in part to the lack of suggestive material in the libretto.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the portrait of Master Willie Reburn, who has been successful in winning the scholarship given by the Toronto College of Music for the best boy soprano. The successful candidate is entitled to one year's instruction, valued at one hundred dollars, under Miss Norma Reynolds. Willie is the son of Sergeant Reburn of the Toronto detective department, and brother of Master Eddie Reburn, the phenomenal boy singer, who also was a



MASTER WILLIE REBURN.

pupil of Miss Reynolds. Willie, who is twelve years of age, has a very high clear treble voice, singing "C" in all easily. He is a chorister in All Saints' church under Mr. W. E. Fairclough.

An important musical event will be the two concerts to be given by the Torbett Concert Company in the Massey Music Hall on Thursday and Saturday evenings next, October 18 and 20. The composition of this organization is of unusual excellence. Miss Torbett's fame as a violinist, like good wine, needs no bush. She is described by some critics as a fit successor to Camilla Urso. Mr. Rudolf von Scarpia, the pianist, is not new to Toronto, having already appeared with much success here, while of the Lutteman Male Sextette from Stockholm it is claimed that as exponents of part-singing they have but few equals. Popular prices for such an excellent company should fill the large hall to overflowing. The

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We bought heavily in silks anticipating we would be into our new store in October. It will be December before we get there, and the result is we're overcrowded with stocks.

90 Pieces Colored Dress Silks, price 40¢, clearing at... 37¢
135 Pieces Real Japanese Silk, all evening shades, were 50¢, clearing at... 35¢
50 Pieces Colored Broches, street and evening shades, worth \$1 to \$1.25, clearing at... 85¢
47 Pieces New Moire Crepe, worth 75¢, for... 35¢
75 Boxes Black Silk Velvet, \$1.25 quality, for... 85¢
15,000 Yards Lovely Evening Shades in Pongees, Chinois, Moires, Pongees, worth from 75¢ to \$1, clearing at... 95¢
60 Pairs Black All-Silk Surahs, were 60¢, for... 35¢

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto
Entrance—Yonge St. Entrance—Queen St.
Store Nos. 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street
1 and 3 Queen Street West

plan will open at Messrs. Nordheimer's on Monday, October 15, at ten o'clock.

The annual service of the Canadian Order of Home Circle on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the Church of the Ascension promises to be an event of more than ordinary interest. A feature of the service will be a short preliminary organ recital by the organist of the church, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., at 7.30, who will play Mendelssohn's D major Sonata, Bennett's Barcarolle, Schumann's Skizzen in D flat and the Pastorale and Finale from Guilman's Sonata in D minor. The choir will sing Mozart's Glorious is thy Name, and Mr. Stouffer will be heard in Adam's The Holy City. Rev. A. H. Baldwin will preach the annual sermon.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's first organ recital for this season on Saturday afternoon last was the most successful beginning of the present series of recitals. An attractive programme admirably carried out was listened to with marked attention by the audience present. The next recital will be given on Saturday, November 3.

Messrs. Lye & Sons, organ builders, have recently completed a contract for a pipe organ for Knox church, Kincardine. The organ, which was set up last week and its opening celebrated by an organ recital and sacred concert, is a beautifully balanced and well constructed instrument, every detail of its workmanship reflecting the greatest credit upon the firm which had been entrusted with its construction. Following is the specification: Great Organ—(1) Open Diapason, 8 ft.; (2) Dulciana, 8 ft.; (3) Clarabella, and (4) Stpd. Diap. Bass, 8 ft.; (5) Flute Harmonique, 4 ft.; (6) Principals, 4 ft.; (7) Fifteenth, 2 ft. Swell Organ—(8) Violin Diapason, 8 ft.; (9) Eoline, 8 ft.; (10) Flauto Traverso, 4 ft.; (11) Octave, 4 ft.; (12) Sp. Diap., 8 ft.; (13) Piccolo, 2 ft.; (14) Oboe and Bassoon, 8 ft. Pedal Organ—(15) Bourdon, 16 ft., and (16) Violone, 8 ft. All the manual registers with the exception of the Eoline in the Swell run through the fifty-eight notes, the Pedal registers consisting of twenty-seven. Couplers and Pedal movements are as follows: (17) Gt. to Sw.; (18) Gt. to Ped.; (19) Sw. to Ped.; Composition Pedals; Tremolo Pedal to Swell and Balance Swell Pedal. The Bellows are operated by a hydraulic motor. At the opening recital on Monday evening of last week an excellent programme was carried out, consisting of several standard choruses by a large and efficient choir, and vocal solos by Miss Ida

Walker, Miss Louie Hicks, Mr. R. M. Watson and Mr. J. E. Magee of Kincardine, and Mr. E. J. Lye, tenor soloist of Jarvis street Baptist church choir, Toronto. Mr. A. H. Lye of Toronto officiated with much success as solo organist, his numbers comprising compositions by Bach, Batiste, Parker, Handel and Hewlett. The concert as a whole was a most enjoyable affair and was attended by a very large audience. MODERATO.

Maud—What was the last discussion of that Young Ladies' Debating Society of yours? Marie—Oh, we took up the old question of Is Marriage a Failure? Maud—Well, what was the result of the debate? Marie—A committee consisting of the entire membership was appointed to try it and see.

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Maude, the fiancée. An Idyl of Hard Times.

"You told me that you loved me," he whispered hoarsely. "And now—now what do I find?"

"I am not aware, Harold Budworthy," Maude Athelsteyne replied, drawing herself up to her full height, "that you have found anything. It is certainly not work. If you had found that, you would not be here."

"Sarcasm!" he cried, "and from those lips that I have likened unto rubies."

"Did I ask you to liken them unto rubies?" she retorted. "Did I?"

"No," he replied meekly. "It was the spontaneous outpouring of my heart to the woman I loved," he added, recovering himself by an effort that cost him much.

A bitter laugh rent the silence of the night.

"Spontaneous outpouring of the heart!" she repeated slowly. "And you—do you pretend to understand woman and still say that she must be content with a spontaneous outpouring of the heart?"

"Let me tell you one thing, Harold Budworthy, that while spontaneous outpourings of the heart may suffice for some women, they do not suffice for me. I want some spontaneous outpourings of the heart, but I cannot live on them. An occasional spontaneous outpouring of a pocket-book, some indication on your part that you had something to support me in the style I am accustomed to with—"

"To with," he moaned.

"Yes—to with," she retorted. "If you can parse, you can see at a glance that 'to with' is an expression which even you in your writing can use with correctness and impunity; nay, even your former fiancée, Miss Perkins of Salem, Massachusetts, must admit that colloquially it is correct. I make no pretense to be literary, and why? Because I wish to be original, and in these fallen days the woman who does not write is unique. I, Harold Budworthy, am that woman."

The proud girl walked to the window and gazed out into the night that Budworthy might not see the tear which sprang into her eye.

There she stood, her imperial figure standing out in the pale silver light of the moon like a bass-relief—his love; the center of his hopes and his affections; the woman who approximated more nearly than any other woman to whom he had ever been engaged, his ideal of womanhood, and who through a temporary, as he fondly hoped, misunderstanding was like to elude him, and become the bride of one of a dozen other admirers.

In a moment she returned to his side.

"What were we saying?" she asked.

"You were discussing Lindley Murray," he replied coldly.

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully. "I am not acquainted with Lindley Murray," she said. "Why do you deliberately falsify, Harold?"

"I never knew but one Murray and his name was George E."

Budworthy had a retort ready, but, wisely, he declined to give it utterance. He realized as few men do that the unuttered retort is often best.

"Cease your jealousies," she continued, "and come down to business. You say you have found something. What is it that you have found?"

"That the woman of my heart is false as she is fair. You told me that you loved me, and yet you are now at this moment engaged to twelve other men."

"And you blame me for that?" she cried, her face growing white with surprise. "Me?"

"And whom, pray, should I blame?" he asked coolly. "The McKinley bill?"

"I will tell you whom—the men who are responsible for these times, Harold Budworthy. They are whom. What was a fiancée in the olden time? He was a man who first gave his love to woman; then he gave her an occasional carriage-ride, then he sent her flowers, then bouquets, then a trinket or two, then he would take her to a matinee, and in return she gave her whole heart; but to-day—what is a loving woman forced to do to get her rights as a fiancée? She has to divide her affections up, Harold Budworthy, among many. That is what I have done, and if I am engaged to Lindley Murray, it is because he takes me to drive; if to Robert Windamere, it is because he sends me bouquets; if to Warrington Richards, it is because he takes me to matinees, and so on. You—you can afford to give me only love. Well, so be it, but when you chide me because in an effort to get those things to which a fiancée is entitled I promise to marry a dozen others, then I resent your words. When you can take care of a fiancée and protect her in all her rights, she should be wholly yours, but not until then. You have your exclamation—now leave me."

And throwing herself upon the sandy beach, Maude sobbed herself to sleep, while Harold walked sadly away.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Sixteen more chapters of this story, telling how Budworthy went out to Australia and made a fortune large enough to satisfy the most rapacious fiancée, will be written as they are called for and sent under cover to applicants. Every request for an additional chapter must be accompanied by a one-dollar bill, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The climax of the story will be altered to suit readers on payment of an additional fee of \$3 per alteration. —Harper's Bazar.]

Idea Peddlers in Chicago.

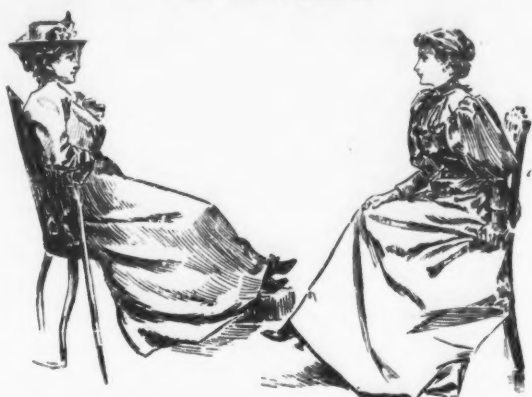
There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant, the "idea" man goes into the place and says, "Why not put up a sign that you'll give a dish of ice cream free to every red-headed man? It would cause talk."

If the restaurant man adopts the suggestion the "idea" man expects to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soaps and patent medicines and submits it to the proprietors. If they like it he names his price. At the big retail stores he drops in and confides new and startling schemes for advertising. He goes to the theatrical manager and says, "Here, wouldn't this be a good catch line?"

Day by day he pokes into other people's business and is well paid for it, because, after all, there is nothing more valuable than ideas of the right kind. —Chicago Record.

No Mistake About It.



Miss Rosebud—This is my first season, and mamma says I may get married if I want to. Miss Oldun—She'll say more than that after this year.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FLORENCE MARTEL—Your writing baffles me completely.

BLONDE—That is my guess at your signature. Your study is too crude for delineation. I am sorry.

PURPORT—This is a clever and charming person, thoroughly feminine, with good faculty and excellent discretion, amounting to caution. Writer is hopeful, self-reliant, determined, independent and incapable of deceit.

EPA—Your writing shows a light perception, discreet manners, clever and energetic mind, reasonable persistence, honest and truthful nature, careful and conscientious endeavor, lack of management and some self-will.

YOUNGSTER, Q. I beg—Thanks for your kind wishes. Your writing shows generosity, amiability, excellent sequence of ideas, firm purpose, no special self-assertion, a kindly and hopeful nature, incapable of meanness, fond of beauty, tactful and sympathetic, reasonably intelligent and a free and breezy person generally.

CARL—Certainly, and you'll get a good one, too! You are full of energy, life and go; fond of fun, ambitious, and ready for any enterprise; good-tempered, appreciative, adaptable and generous. You are, withal, practical, and though apt to idealize, not by any means over-brained. There is a virility and pleasantness of force about you that is very attractive.

DOCTOR—This is a study full of gentle and plausible lines; great sense of beauty, sympathy and a little love of fun are shown, with deliberate thought and extensive care for appearances. I don't think the writer would ever be a pleasure in any reform or progressive movement. The whole study has a quiet air to me, mingled with considerable unappetized cleverness.

VIATOR—I must beg of you and many others not to address social items to the correspondence column. Address such to the society editor or social column. Your news, which would have interested our readers greatly some months ago, is now useless. I am sorry for your account of the festival is excellent, and I am afraid you've been annoyed that it was published in another form.

A VOYAGER—At Saunderson says, "There ain't no tellin'!" I have crossed in June, when it blew and rained more than half of the voyage, and in the fall, when gales are expected, we've had a glassy sea all the way. The safest time for the weather is in July and August, I should fancy. I do hope you had a good time and will tell me about it. I think your writing is still in transition, though it promises a fine result in time.

MARIE, A. B. C.—I surely didn't say I liked maturity, did I? Wasn't there a "o" around somewhere? It is a very funny little study, closely allied to the one enclosed with it in many ways. You are also fond of a laugh and are self-assertive, persistent and hopeful, sweet-tempered, impulsive but not remarkably forgetful, of very uncertain judgment, considerable refinement and a very feminine cast of character generally.

ETHEREA—The birthday stone for September is the garnet. Why shouldn't I say, please wait, my dear! Give often sign themselves "Yours lovingly" regardless of my blusher. I am glad you have so much discernment, my dear. Your pretty writing is all that is proper, but being carefully laid along lines, what little originality it might have shown is quenched. You love pretty things, are sweet-tempered, discreet and truthful, but lack force, character and desire to achieve.

LAUREL BOWEN—I. It is generally believed that Homer was born in Smyrna; the exact time is not known. He lived about eight hundred years before Christ, according to Herodotus. 2. Your writing shows refinement, perseverance, self-esteem, a persistent and steady will, plenty of sense of humor, impulsive feeling, love of beauty and some facility, much imagination and considerable enterprise. You are a little careless of details, rather discreet, slightly sensitive and erratic in temper.

ANTONIO—Yes, still autumn, you scorching faller, but you see, everything comes to him who waits. I certainly did call at the address on your envelope, but the study is a bit better. If this be your everyday hand, I won't wonder what your Sunday one is like. 2. Your writing shows much wealth of imagination, a very ambitious and soaring mind, some sense of beauty but a very undisciplined impulse, a little self-doubt, a very great love of life's good things, some leaning to the opposite sex, a tendency to idealize, and a will that is never to be depended upon.

RAYNER, Collingwood—This is an excellent study. The lines rather show the freedom, but it shows force and original thought, high sense of honor and general regard for appearances, caution and good good sense (I mean, excellent will and purpose, some carelessness of the small things of life, though of a precise and formal nature generally. Should be a crack on one or more favorite topics, rather fond of society, of a rather buoyant disposition and great practicality. I think you are anything but tactless. I hope your study will prove correct, as it is rather interesting.

GRAY LURA—How can you gain the respect of a gentleman? What a queer question! Doesn't he respect you? Why not? You don't make your meaning quite clear. As to the method of your treatment, reserve need not be unkindly. As your character is inclined to discretion and otherwise shows excellent ability to take care of yourself, if many people will be disposed to respect you. You are fond of pretty things, a bit fast, cautious, rather good-tempered and very self-reliant. The study shows very little originality or snap, but is rather lady-like, though very uncoloured.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES—You are delightfully contradictory. First you avow that six lines of original matter is beyond your accomplishment, and then you treat me to six pages and a half of what I am sure must be original, for it's all about yourself. There are twenty-five I'm in it, besides the pair of blue ones. 2. Your writing shows honesty, discretion, generosity, rather crude taste, a bright manner, good temper, some imagination, idealism and a great room for discipline and culture. I must remark that you are a little careless in your spelling, and also that your study is evidently not fully matured.

REX-VA-DEAR—It makes no difference whether they think me nice or horrid. I must give them the rule say they deserve. You are a very fit character, rather a victim to mania and a bit self-assertive. No one will

ever impose upon you, nor will you let your heart run away with your head. Such caution is almost mistrust. You have very strong opinions and a few prejudices, like to influence others, are inclined to be manly and don't care for feminine pursuits. I think you lack optimism, and would not bear trouble patiently. You have lots of force, which lacks discipline. At the same time you should be a charming woman.

DOROTHY DARRACK—You naughty girl, haven't I told you a score of times that I can do nothing with scraps? I am glad in this case, for you wouldn't like a delineation of the clippings of your love-letter. Make him write better. As to your own study, it is very charming. You are a bit of inconsequent, airy and debonaire femininity, with a strong leaning towards the opposite sex, (by the way, that's a feature of your scrap. What a pair of spoons you must be!) You are a born idealist; what is yours is perfect. You are practical, though, and fond of company, and up to a good deal of fun, a little impatient and hasty, self-reliant and affectionate. Tell should be the writing of a thorough little lady.

BROTHER SANDY—I. Right you are, my boy! Your sentence took my breath away, it was so long; but quite agree with you about the cozy rooms and the welcome. You are a little long-winded, you know, and apt to stick to your point to spite of the most alluring divergences all about you. Your writing shows a clever, logical and persistent mind, a little disposed to crankiness, perhaps in belief or convictions. You are devoid of tact, fond of argument, self-assertive, slow in perception, deliberate in expression, conscientious in action, very original in method, if not always wise. It is a peculiar hand, but then you are somewhat unlikable yourself. If you aren't an old bachelor, look out! You are the making of a fine one! By the way, why shouldn't a young man go into a cozy billiard-room? Is it a crime, Sandy?

A Hair-Breadth Escape.

In his recently published Memoirs, General Marbot, who took part in nearly every one of Napoleon's campaigns, describes a terrible plight in which he once found himself, and relates how he managed to extricate himself by an almost incredible display of moral and physical energy. He was charging the Austrians at the head of numerous squadrons when his horse was killed under him and fell, dragging him down in its fall. All our cavalry passed over him without touching him, which is not surprising, as a horse, unless wounded or tired out, generally avoids treading on human bodies. He began to think he was safe, when he perceived our regiments returning at full gallop, pursued in their return by the full strength of a division of Ulanes. General Marbot saw clearly that if he did not contrive to keep pace, on foot, with our horsemen, he would be cut down without mercy. The thought of certain death increased his strength a hundredfold. He held up his hands, which were grasped by two cuirassiers, who, dragging him along by giant strides between their horses, conveyed him at length to a place of safety. —La Chronique.

A Comfort Sometimes.

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City Editor—Represent yourself as a nobleman. The Daily Sheet will announce your arrival in America, and you are to write ten columns about your reception and proposals of marriage you receive. Reporter—How much money will you advance for expenses? City Editor—Why, none, you idiot! Didn't I say you were to be a nobleman?

Bicyclists of Both Sexes

And of all shades of opinion should remember that every additional wheel increases the risk of accidents, both to the rider thereof (not to mention the wheel) and to all with whom he or she may come in contact (so to speak). Lady bicyclists are insured at the same rates as their sweethearts and brothers against accidents of all kinds in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company, cor. Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto.

"Pawat," asked Mr. Hooghligan, "is the matty wild yer head?" "Mickey Dolan knocked me down wid a half brick," responded the son. "Yes, boy, I graced th' family. It is the foort time that a Hooghligan was ever knocked down wid less than a whole wan."

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The first bottle produced a mighty change, and warranted Mr. Church in continuing with the medicine. After using nine bottles of the great Compound, a thorough cure was effected and a new lease of life was obtained.

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"After spending all my money for medicine which did little good, I gave up to die, when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I at once procured the medicine and derived great relief from the first bottle. I slept better, ate better, and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I feel like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound snatched me from the grave and gave me a new lease of life.

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Road

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AND SUFFERINGS.

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DRESSMAKERS DIFFER

About fashions in dresses, but everyone agrees that the best foundation for any costume is the

"HEALTH BRAND," Black tights, which allow the figure to be shewn to perfection and do away with overstockings, bloomers, and unnecessary skirts.

All ladies in Montreal wore them last fall and winter, and during the coming season nothing else will be considered, they were such a success.

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THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS CO., Montreal.



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Baby's Own... Soap?

It's so Nice!

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manfr's, Montreal

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forward and back by pneumatic tubes. "Yes, I know," answered the meek customer sadly; "this is the place my wife comes to blow in all my money."

The Wrong Address.

Valet—So you say these boots are for my master. Haven't you brought the bill?

Errand Boy—No, they were paid for, cash down.

Valet—Cash down! Then they aren't ours. —Buck fur Alle.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —Civil Service Gazette.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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VOL. VII TORONTO, OCT. 13, 1894. [No. 47]

The Drama.

It is not often that we have a chance of seeing a new opera calculated to create a sensation all over America, produced here under the anxious eyes of its creators, before it has emerged from its period of experiment. But on Monday evening a large audience had the pleasure of being asked to critically taste a new thing, and to form judgment upon it without assistance. Rob Roy was first presented in Detroit last week and then came here. In the hallway, Manager Fred C. Whitney walked up and down in agitation, his glance now turned towards the box office and the outer doors, through which the public still straggled, and again towards the pit and stage, where the people sat in judgment and the excitement stood forth for trial. Behind the scenes the composer, Mr. Reginald De Koven, followed every note of the singers, and in the pit just behind the orchestra Mr. Harry B. Smith, the librettist, hung upon every word. And in the main, manager, composer and librettist must have been highly gratified. On opening night the performance was not brought to a close until 11.30, making it at least half an hour too long. Half of this overtime was due to unavoidable delays in handling the new scenery between acts, but the opera itself is a quarter of an hour over-long.

Rob Roy is the best staged comic opera we have seen. It is hard to believe that prettier effects in costuming could be devised. The members of the various Highland clans are dressed in their kilts and tartans, and the English soldiers are richly attired in scarlet coats and white leg wear. Wherever possible the clansmen and soldiers are shapely young ladies, who look well and sing well. The curtain rises upon one of the finest scenes ever set upon the Grand Opera House stage. In the foreground is a square of the old Scottish town of Perth, while away back the houses recede one after another, giving a splendid idea of distance, until the open country and hills fade from view. This scene and the one that follows are works of art. The second thus referred to represents Rob Roy's mountain retreat. An old mill stands in one corner of the stage, a bridge occupies the middle distance, while behind stretches a hazy range of mountains. The handling of the lights is capital in this scene, save for the detail that as the Prince and clansmen cross the bridge they cast exaggerated shadows across the horizon. This will no doubt be remedied. The scene in the third act is less pretentious, showing Sterling Castle, before which the closing events of the opera transpire.

De Koven and Smith are best known by their splendid opera, Robin Hood. It is claimed that Rob Roy is superior to the other. Before repudiating their claim we must remember that we did not see Robin Hood until it had passed through the experimental stage and had been trimmed and polished. By the time Rob Roy reaches New York it will run much smoother than now, and the climaxes in the second and third acts will no doubt be strengthened. To make the freedom of Prince Charlie at the last moment dependent upon the generosity of Capt. Sheridan, who seems master of the situation, casts a reflection upon the prowess of Rob Roy and Lochiel and the Prince himself which is not pleasant. Moreover, Capt. Sheridan, after having been so badly deceived as to have arrested the unspeakable town crier, supposing him to be the Prince, is scarcely palatable as the real hero in the final moment. A Scot is apt also to comment unfavorably upon the character given to the chief of the Camerons, and to say that it was scarcely his style to lurk inactive remote from Culloden or any other field where heads could be broken. I never before knew Lochiel to do so much talking and so little fighting. Of course Messrs. De Koven and Smith do not pretend to follow the hard and fast facts of history, but in preserving Lochiel unscathed from the disaster of Culloden, they might have given to him and Rob Roy (this is Rob Roy the younger) the honor of guarding with their swords the escape of Prince Charlie from France.

In Rob Roy we miss anything in the way of solo to compare with the anvil song, O Promise Me and It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man, which made Robin Hood famous. But it has some very taking duets and rousin choruses.

Messrs. De Koven and Smith were each called upon at the end of the first act, the former merely bowing his acknowledgments and the latter speaking a few words. He was particular to point out that the Rob Roy of the opera was not the famous Rob Roy of history and romance, that worthy having died in 1730, but his son Rob, who may be presumed to have shared in the last Stuart uprising of 1745. The central figure in the opening events of the opera is the Mayor of Perth, one Dugald MacWhieble, who is kept busy straddling the fence between the Stuart and Hanoverian factions. He has a Scotch accent ready for Rob Roy and an English one for Capt. Sheridan. Richard Carroll as the Mayor is very humorous. A finer spectacle, however, is Sandy MacSherry, the town crier, a daft Scotch body, who claims relationship with the Stuarts, his mother being a cousin "sixteen times removed" to somebody else. This valentine

trots in on his lean and bent shanks, ringing a bell, and sings:

Sandy—Item the first—Ding dong! ding dong!
I'm vera much pleased to tell ye noo,
That Dame McLoocky, the gude auld sonn,
Has lost her favorite speckled coo.

All—Hoot, awa, mon! Dinna ye know
Ye tauld that fowl a week ago?

Sandy—Item the second—The Widow MacFinn
Has found on her doorstep a pair o' twins,
She (fers the same free o' charge for adoption,
Either or bairn, at the pairty's option.

All—Ding-ding-dong! Ding-ding-dong!
A beautiful pair o' twins for a song.

Sandy—Item the third—Ding dong! Ding dong!
One Jamie McBride from auld has fled,
And all gude folks noo are called
To arrest said Jamie, alive or dead.

All—Hoot, awa, mon! Dinna ye know
He was caught and hanged full a week ago?

The part of the town crier is sung by Joseph Herbert and he greatly entertains the Mayor of Perth and the latter's henchman, Tammas MacSorrile (Harry Parker) in furnishing the fun of the piece. His is a figure and his a face to dream over. MacWhieble does some rapid changing in costume and dialect just after Culloden, when it is not known which side won. In Highland garb he and his followers sing this to a very attractive air:

My hairt is in the Highlands—O,
My heart it is na here,
Though in this dress
I must confesse
I feel extremely queer.
I'm up in Gaelic dialect;
The pipes I'll learn to play;
But, oh, my knees
Will surely freeze
If there's a frost to-day.
Still I'm a Highlandman,
A tartan-plaided Highlandman,
Though not built
To wear a kilt;
Still I'm a Highlandman.

Baron Berthold is well known in Toronto as a first-class opera tenor and as the Prince he sings splendidly, as does William Prutte, baritone, in the role of Rob Roy. Juliet Cordan as Janet, the daughter of MacWhieble, and Lizzie MacNichol as Flora MacDonald, whom history tells us followed the Pretender's fortunes to the last extremity. At the close of the second act the Pretender, disguised as a dumb servant to Rob Roy, is seized upon by the English, and the clansmen are about to fight for his release, when Flora MacDonald, dressed in male attire, comes forward and confesses herself the Prince and is marched off to Sterling Castle. The Prince and Lochiel effect her release. She is recaptured later and is about to be shot, when the Prince rushes in and gives himself up in her stead. Just then Rob Roy, who has been puttering around disguised as a heavy-witted Highland farmer, thunders in, stripped for war, and waving his claymore declares that MacGregor's blood shall flow before that of Stuart. As indicated above, the English officer magnanimously releases the Prince and Flora MacDonald, giving them an hour to start for France. The opera is staged with a careful eye to details, the clansmen carrying shields of "brazen studs and tough bull hide," as described by Scott, but if they are armed with proper claymores, the famous Scotch sword of the last century was a lighter weapon than is popularly supposed.

The Rob Roy of the opera being a practically unheard of son of the famous raider, constant explanation of this fact is made necessary. Now the immortal Rob died in 1730, and must have been in manhood at the time of the previous Stuart uprising of 1715, and he might easily have been woven into a story of that most fruitless undertaking of the young Pretender's father. However, that rebellion probably does not present such good material for treatment as the final discomfiture of the Stuart cause. Although the opera does not pretend to be reliably historical, yet one of its chief interests is found in the fact that it equits at history and recalls one of its most romantic chapters to the public mind.

I had the pleasure last Saturday of interviewing the Misses Webling, that clever trio of sisters who have just arrived in Toronto from London, to spend the winter season in Ontario under the management of the Canadian Entertainment Bureau. They are charming young ladies, in fact their extreme youth, in consideration of their established reputation, surprises me. Miss Lucy, the youngest, travelled all over the United Kingdom playing the Little Lord Fauntleroy, appearing in the role over five hundred times in the best theaters of the largest cities. She was regarded as the ideal Fauntleroy. The entertainment furnished by the Misses Webling is different from ordinary elocution. They imparted to me, as perhaps the secret of the success they have achieved, the fact that they believe in costuming and comedietas that engage all three at once, rather than in individual performances in ordinary dress. For instance, they have had specially written for them An April Jest, a small comedy, timed to the last century. In this they are costumed as our ancestors were. They have another specialty prepared for Canada, in which Miss Peggy represents England, Miss Rosalind, Ireland, and Miss Lucy, Scotland. In this, too, they are appropriately costumed, while Miss Lucy dances the Scotch sword dance and Miss Rosalind a rollicking Irish jig. In another they dance the stately minuet. The Misses Webling expressed themselves as greatly pleased with Canada. They left on Monday to fill engagements in Nanapanee and Gananoque.

Mr. N. S. Wood may be described as the affectionate sort of hero. He is the good boy of the Sunday school book and the religious tract. He goes about doing good with ready hands and a gentle voice. Other heroes of melodrama can make the galleries yell until the roof cracks by declaiming, "Honest labor is never degrading." That is not where Mr. Wood kindles, if I may so remark. His strength is in giving from his poverty to relieve the poor and in speaking kindly to the fallen. He can make the women cry and the young men cheer to escape joining in the general "weep." It is all right. If his portrayal of the virtuous boot-black can inspire the idlers and floaters of this city to better impulses, he will have accomplished something. Tears called forth by pain

or anger are not softening, but there are young people among us who, if they could once be made to shed tears of emotion, would be half-redeemed in that moment.

MACK.

The Adventures of Bob Moon.

No. 8.—As told by Bob himself.

After Nude Snell rode away I found that as a result of our belligerent negotiations I had become sole proprietor of Uncle Zebe's Outfit, as the miners called it. But I viewed the prospect with great anxiety. In the first place, I was uneasy on poor old Zebe's account. Snell had no occupation now, and was not in possession of the usual supply of money to support his mania for gambling at the Springs; so I feared he might devote his time to hunting down my benefactor, and might make the old fellow either yield up all his money or his life, or, perhaps, both. In the second place, I felt that I would have a score to settle with Nude before long.

These were not pleasant anticipations, and the conversation of the miners who dropped in and gossiped about the affair did not have a comforting tendency. Snell had been an imposition upon Uncle Zebe, they said, having brought no capital with him when he forced a partnership with the old man, and having done little or no work since he seized an interest in the Outfit. Besides, stories had followed him across the mountains to the effect that his hand was deeply stained in innocent blood. The miners talked these things over, and unanimously expressed the opinion that there would be excitement "in this valley" before long. Inspired by some prophetic instinct, two of them who loved excitement made up their minds to stop and see it out.

However, things were very quiet. For a few days I worked away with the vigor of one who has taken a new start in life. I cooked meals, and sold rum and tobacco, and tended the miners' mules, and tried to courteously listen to their yarns from the camps, but never one moment was Nude Snell's murderous-looking image absent from my imagination. I had visions of all sorts of treacherous descents upon the Outfit, for I had had experience of both Mexicans and Indians and could picture in my mind what a revengeful, cowardly cross the two would make. Nude Snell, as the embodiment of everything vile, was the bane of my thoughts by day, but by night in my dreams our enmity took the more active form of open hostilities, from which I frequently awoke in great extremities with my heart beating like a muffled drum. I spent the whole twenty-four hours in imaginary plans or nocturnal struggles with the enemy. It was a great strain upon my nerves.

It was two weeks before I heard direct from either Uncle Zebe or Nude Snell. Late one night Del Porter, a miner, rode in from Barry's Cave, eight miles down, and told me I must go there instantly. An old miner had been knocked on the head and robbed, and had expressed a dying wish to see me. I knew it was Uncle Zebe. The miners all jumped up from the sleeping-room and came out and joined in the conversation, and it was the general opinion that I would be safer from Snell if I went to Barry's by night, so I got one of them to undertake to do the work and rode off with Porter.

I found my old friend in a dying condition. Nude had done it and had taken all his money and my note.

"He's done it," said Uncle Zebe. "I tole ye he'd kill me yet. I allus knowed it. I haven't got no time to live."

The old man talked with much effort, and at times settled into the same stupor from which he had been roused by my coming. I could plainly see that his estimate of his time for this world was correct. The little, withered, bent form appeared to be dead, but after a time his bloodshot eyes, now fast paling, half opened, and he proceeded:

"I ha'n't got no 'lations, Bob, 'Linda (his wife I suppose) was the last. 'Linda allus prayed for a good claim for me, an' when she went away she 'lowed as my parding was bought with blood. She'd prospected day an' night, she said, and foun' parding fur me an' her."

Again he relapsed into sleeping silence for a time, and I thought he was gone to his "claim." I raised his light form up in my arms and placed my ear to his chest. There was still a faint heave, and the lifting-up appeared to have revived him to some extent. Again he spoke:

"I kep' the Outfit since the war. When I made it I hid away the gold I had brought from the diggin's. It's under the brush hid in the fur corner. It's all yours, Tha's 'nuff fur two, but take it all." He closed his eyes a moment only and then said, "Ole Zebe's done his shair. I'm goin' away—fast."

The little frame was convulsed for a moment, at the end of which time it appeared as well as if with a sigh, and then it became apparent that he had entered upon 'Linda's "claim," which had been "bought with blood."

We wrapped the little man's remains in a blanket and buried it in a mound near Barry's, after which I returned to the Outfit and found word had come from the Springs to the effect that Nude Snell was over there gambling. My blood boiled with indignation to think that the cut-throat had murdered and robbed a harmless, defenceless old miner whom he had wronged for years, and was coolly gaming with the plunder.

I asked a miner to carry a message to Nude from me. He consented and I sent a short one, merely asking him to ride over and meet me unarmed and to do so at once. He came next day with the messenger.

I shall cut this part of my story short. He listened to my recital of the wrongs he had inflicted upon Uncle Zebe and did not deny having murdered him. Nor was he a particle abashed, as one might suppose the most hardened monster would have been. He merely asked in an impatient way:

"What yer want o' me?"

I cut my words short and made the proposal

The name of Nude Snell was last week inadvertently printed "Uncle" Snell. He enjoyed no such affectionate nickname. Nov. 7 and 8 of this series of adventures are contributed by Mr. S. H. Graham, editor of the Whistly Chronicle.—EDITOR.

I had in my mind. There was a mountain directly in front of the Outfit, around which there was a trail, all but for a short distance on the other side, where there was a thicket. I challenged him to take whatever firearms he chose and go around the mountain one way whilst I went the other. My note for the four hundred dollars was to be left with the miner, and whichever of us arrived back from the trip around the mountain was to have both the note and Outfit. Thus my score and Uncle Zebe's would both be settled with Nude Snell.

It was a class of duel requiring nerve, but Nude accepted in his sulky way. We each took two pistols and set out. I walked until I passed out of sight of the referees, and ran as if for my life as far as my trail went. It was in the thicket that I began to form an idea of the hazardous, mad undertaking I had in hand. I sneaked along, listening at every inch. I sought protected places. I tried to scheme out plans to thwart the probable tactics of the greaser. The further I went the more perilous my position became. I at last took a revolver in each hand and crawled like a snake. It must have taken hours to make my way through a thicket of about a furlong's distance.

When I struck Nude's trail—that is, the path on his side of the thicket—I had greater fears than ever. All he would have to do was to secrete himself near the path and await my coming. I felt that he had adopted this plan. Cautiously, slowly, silently, watchfully, I moved forward, trying to keep one eye on each side of the trail.

At last I ran. But the thought struck me that perhaps Snell might have stopped near the commencement of his trail and was waiting for me. I again halted and stole along. At last the opening became plainly visible and I made another run for it.

The anxious miners shook me eagerly by the hand, assuming that I had managed to get the drop on Nude.

He was never seen in those parts again. What he did along the trail I know not. I judged from my own experience that possibly his courage had failed, and he had bolted.

For a year or two no traveler ever approached the Outfit but I hurried to see if it was Snell, but in time the fear of his coming passed gradually from my mind.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TO few men, not statesmen or soldiers, is it given to enjoy so wide a regard by their fellows in life and so deep a regret in their death as have fallen, not to the lot, but to the achievement of Oliver Wendell Holmes, professor of anatomy, man of letters and poet. He is the last of a class of world-wide men produced in New England, the "Last Leaf," to almost quote himself, on the bough of New England literature, from which have previously dropped Thoreau, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whitier, Whitman, Lowell and Curtis. While several generations of medical men have passed through his hands, which were so highly skilled in the mysteries of the human frame, his hold on the affections of thousands who are pained at the news of his death rests on his keen insight into human nature, his knowledge of the human heart, its emotions and sympathies, and his wonderful skill in playing upon the same through the mediums of song, fancy and story. It is hardly likely that O. W. Holmes ever seriously set himself out to be a poet or writer, yet his works have made him famous wherever the English language is spoken. His poems were the outcome of occasions, and while satisfying the mood of the producer gave real joy to the reader. This is a true principle of being. His *Atlantic Monthly* essays were begun with a scant recognition by him of their worth, yet men are laughing with him yet and receiving the stimulus of his keen mind, while he will continue to reign on many a library table as the Autocrat of Genial Literature, the Professor of the art of pure and perfect humor and the Poet of a wide range of temperaments. Holmes undoubtedly touched his highest mark in the *Chambered Nautilus*. What could be higher in sentiment than:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.

And could anything be more cute and ridiculous than his conception of the humorist "who dares not to be as funny as he could?" Yet The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay is about funny enough for the ordinary male mind, and it is but one selected out of many. For tender quaintness what surpasses Dorothy Q.'s Portrait and The Last Leaf? For pure fancy, *Fantasia*:

Kiss mine eyelids, beautiful Morn,
Blushing into life new-born,
And what Christian hymn book but what is richer for the Hymn of Trust.

O Love Divine that stooped to share,
The sad thing about great men is their mortality, yet who can say but that the works of a mind, which have lived in the enjoyment of a wide range of human affection for fifty years, shall not from the 7th day of October, 1894, have entered upon a new course whose destiny is immortality with the English tongue?

Dr. Holmes celebrated his 85th birthday, Aug. 29 last. During all these years he has keenly appreciated the fact that he is contemporaneous with Gladstone in the year of his birth. He lived in Boston and originated the saying about its being the "hub of creation." From 1847 to 1882 he was Parkman Professor of Anatomy in Harvard and on his visit to England in 1886 he was accorded perhaps the warmest reception ever given an American.

Besides his well known poems, his Autocrat, Poet and Professor, his novels, *Elsie Venner*, *A Guardian Angel*, *A Moral Antipathy* and *Life of Emerson*, his learned writings on scientific matters have demonstrated his master mind. But he will go down to fame as the genial Autocrat.

The Minister's Bad Pun

"Have you cut off that villain's head yet?" asked his majesty, referring to an obnoxious person who cuts no particular figure.

"We have not," admitted the prime minister. "His attorney has shown us that all his property is in his wife's name."

"What the dickens has that got to do with it?"

"Why, it makes him execution proof, don't you see?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harp of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh! better that her shattered bulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shock the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Orie on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And looks at all he meets
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmother has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a skew,
And a croak is in his back,
And a melancholy croak
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old foreman bough
Where I cling.

ST. ANTHONY THE REFORMER.

NO fear lest praise should make us proud!
We know how cheaply that is won;
The idle homage of the crowd
Is proof of lack of idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toll
That follows still the o'erquering Right,
With self, while hands to dress the spot
That sun-brown valor clutched in fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,
Serenely placid, safely true,
And o'er the present's parching ways
The verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power,
They fall like drops of scalding rain
That plashed before the burning shower
Swept o'er the cities of the plain!

Then scowling Hate turns deadly pale,
Then Passion's half-rolled adders spring,
And smitten through their leopards' mail,
Strike right and left in hope to sting.

If thou, unmoved by poisoning wrath,
Thy feet on earth, thy heart above,
Canst work in peace thy kindly path,
Unchanged in trust, unchilled in love,

Too kind for bitter words to grieve,
Too firm for clamor to dismay,
When Faith forbids thee to believe,
And Meekness calls to disobey,—

Ab, then beware! (I mortal pride!
The smiling pride that calmly scorns
Those foolish fingers, crimsoned with
In laboring on thy crown of thorns!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshaded main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its porpoise wings
In gulf enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-molds rise to sun their streaming hair,
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
Year after year behind the shifting veil
That spread his lustrous coil,
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step his shining archway through,
Built up his idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Came from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shall thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Did you hear the car conductor
"I've been tr"
It stops, and
way out, bac
me and says,
in again. Co
down to the
last.

Mother—M
wear tight
intend to go
Horror, so I
for bicycling.

Between You and Me.

THE other night I went to a semi-formal re-union at the Woman's Medical College, for if there is one thing I admire, in theory, more than another it is the Lady Meds., as she is called by her fellow-students. Therefore, when the Lady Meds. invite the Men Meds. and the ignorant world of subjects and cases to come and be merry, I always try to accept and be on hand. I like Lady Meds. when I am well and in good humor, and theoretically I think they should be encouraged, but when it comes to having one's constitution and by-laws over-turned, and one's person carved, and one's anatomy generally set in order, I am afraid I'd die if I thought there wasn't a man doctor ready to be called upon. This is irrational and wicked of me, but I even up to the Lady Meds. by recommending every other woman and child to call for them in time of need. I heard a woman talking about the objections men made to Lady Meds. on the score of modesty and propriety. Of course these were ignorant, unprofessional men, for science does not stoop to be prudish, and for love of their work women are lifted above sort and sex. But the woman said that even the doctors objected to women as medics, though they never seemed to think that the same objections might be urged against them as nurses. And said I to the woman, "Do nurses interfere in a financial way with the doctors?" And the woman considered and answered, "Perhaps that's it." And her answer was a little incoherent, and I have no doubt she was a foolish body whose opinion was not in the least worth regarding, you know!

There is one little protest I should like to make before the Lady Meds. ask me to spend an evening with them again. I believe, by the way, that a distinguished guest made it on the occasion of last year's reunion. It is against the display of certain curious and no doubt, to Lady Meds., interesting objects, which are calculated to upset the nerves and haunt the dreams of ignorant outsiders as sensitive as you and I. I shall not in several days overcome the feeling of disgust which made me hurry away from a certain cosy corner where I was settled for a chat with a kindred soul, and though I can quite understand my impulse being considered a callow and foolish one by Lady Meds., I can only join with the sweet-voiced visitor above mentioned, who said: "I think they might draw a curtain before these things."

Whether the co education of embryo doctors is a success or not was the subject of some very delightful remarks by an old Trinity College boy, Dr. Osler, now of Johns Hopkins University and Physician-in-Chief of Johns Hopkins Hospital, who thus spoke of his university and its work: "When I tell you," says Dr. Osler, "that thirty three and one-third per cent. of the ladies—students—admitted to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, at the end of one short session are to be married, then I tell you that co education is a failure. If thirty-three and one-third per cent. fall victims at the end of one session, what will happen at the end of the fourth?" We know that a match is often the result of the mutual admiration of each other's skill and patience evoked during the attendance at some bed of sickness by a young nurse and doctor, and that the proverb that two of a trade seldom agree has its necessary exception in this instance, but down beyond the lines it seems that before the doctor gains a patient or the nurse a case, they have agreed that life is sweeter when lived together, and I can only hope all our students who succumb to the same conviction will take comfort from the Doctor's assurance that others are there before them. I wonder was he really serious, or was his plaint only a subtly veiled advertisement of the most enticing charm of his *Alma Mater*?

It is a good thing to know a little about nursing, for instance how to make a mustard plaster for a fellow-being in dire distress. Once I remember being badly in need of a counter irritant of this description, and after an hour of agony, which made me think of cholera as more than a scare, I wildly hailed my drowsy lord and master and commanded him to arise and make ready a mustard plaster. I carefully located the mustard, the bowl and the spoon for him, and he started downstairs in the dark, saving time by not lighting the gas. I heard a dull thud, a swear word and an irate demand, "Who left that thing in the way?" Then some shuffling and groping, another scramble, a flare of light and the cheerful assurance, "All right, I've got it," then darkness and a vision at my bedside with a can of baking powder! We had quite a hot argument to prove it wasn't mustard, then Mr. Gay descended once more with an injured air and a much worse injured pet corn. How he came up without the bowl and spoon, and then, having descended for the third time and regained his first altitude, he did proceed to mix mustard with too much water, and so energetically that he splattered his immaculately white costume and even got some lumps of greenery-yellow into his whiskers, and then how he turned the whole canful into the bowl till the air was yellow with dry dust, and how he grunted and shivered, and how I rolled about and howled for haste and mustard or death, would take too long to tell. Of course experience teaches, and I have no doubt were I to be in like straits again Mr. Gay could get up a counter irritant without half an hour's delay, for which, indeed, I quite forgive him, for I've had many a rood laugh over his first essay.

Did you hear the story of the fat old lady and the car conductor? This is her account of it: "I've been trying to get off this car every time it stops, and just when I have climbed half-way out, backwards, that man comes behind me and says, 'All aboard, now,' and boosts me in again. Could you keep him off me till I get down to the ground?" She succeeded at last.

LADY GAY.

Mother—My goodness! You might as well wear tight as that rig. You certainly don't intend to go bathing in it. Daughter—Bathing? No! This isn't for bathing. It's only for bicycling.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The Story of Idaho's Greatest Mine.
By ROBERT MACHRAY.

I.—KALONA CITY.

South of our own Kootenay country, in British Columbia, is situated the great state of Idaho, greater in mineral resources probably than the other great mining states which everywhere belt her in, nay, which on her north-eastern frontier seem to crush, as if in very jealousy of the vastness of her hidden treasure, her rocky side. It is apt to be thought a lonely and even a melancholy land, for few pleasant sunlit valleys lie at the feet of her majestic mountains, clad at their summits with coldly gleaming snow and ice, while further below the ever-green, ever-sombre pine and cedar stretch clear down to the creeks and torrents at the bottom, their waters sweeping wildly, sullenly down and down to the nearest lake or large river. Now and again the sun strives to expel the shadows, to get some answer from the murmurs of the pines, to put some warmth into those cold sentinel peaks of ice, but in vain. Here and there a lake, detached from these eternal glooms, shows up a welcome brightness against the all-surrounding shadows.

But it is a land—no better in the world—for brave and determined men; because life at best is hard; the miner or prospector's "pack" is heavy, though his heart rarely is; the snows seldom disappear for long from these aerial heights, making the season short and work difficult; the "silver-tip" (a kind of grizzly) is never far away, may, indeed, have to be met and fought and killed, or otherwise the issue, any moment, as destiny decrees. There are not many women in that country, and such as they are they possess histories into which no inquiry had best be made; but he who has lived in and felt the humanism—I know no better word—of a mining community, and knows something of the inwardness of its life, will never lift a hand to cast a stone at even the worst one of them all. There are strange but true and pathetic, even heart-breaking stories told of what these outcasts have accomplished by their unselfish devotion and courage.

Understand, the life of Northern Idaho—for it is there that the famous mine known as The Widow's Mite is to be found—is altogether Homeric, heroic, epic (though the people know it not and would be amazingly surprised if told so), but it is filled with sterner truth than Greek or Trojan ever knew; the Helen of Desire striven for is all gold or silver or no meaner prize; the vein may be as treacherous as a very woman and be followed as faithfully to bitterest end. But the strain and the struggle and the eternal reach of man go on! Master he is, predestinate, of all the riches waiting here for him in the cold but not unkindly grip of nature, waiting for him these many, many thousand years to take and to hold!

Somewhere in the Cour d'Alene—I do not wish to be exact, for some of the actors in this story are alive now—but somewhere in the Cour d'Alene, Kalona City stands at the foot of the range on a fairly wide spit of land which has been formed in the course of ages by the silica and silt and dirt washed down from the mountains by Kalona Creek. The "city" is very much like any other mining "camp." It has one graded street, where most of the stores and saloons are to be seen; around, beyond, below it are huts and tents and shanties, straggling in every direction, filled to overflow with all the mingled elements which go to make up this kind of life; the variety theater with its industrious, money-loving subordinates; the faro bank, where the rich speculator stands shoulder to shoulder with the miner or prospector he employs; the keno dive, the fakir gambling game of the West; the baggalo, there by the dozens; the poker-rooms and so forth; every known device being used with wonderful skill to rake in the dollar. But I do not know any city in the world that has such beautiful surroundings as this same Kalona City. I have stood in the street and looked up at the gigantic masses towering above me in all their ever varying play of light and shade, their eternal silences only broken by the impertinent babble of Kalona Creek nearby; then turned and gazed across the waters of the lake to the vast ranges, apparently, as seen in the distance, thrown together with a consummate scorn as if by some Titanic hand; then at the lake itself in its multitudinous mood twist storm and repose, all forming a memorable experience of delight and awe.

Three well known characters of Kalona were "liquored up" at the gaudy bar of the Star of Idaho one morning in the spring, the names of whom were: Greg Hess, Ole Pete and Drunken Jim, the last our central figure, not that of a hero exactly, but of a man, at all events, who came being near one, as the sequel will show. Greg was big, good-natured, open-hearted, the genuine type of a prospector. Ole Pete, who never remembered being Young Pete, or Middle Aged Pete, but always Ole Pete, was a bowed, broken-down looking man, but no one in the camp had keener scent or surer eye than he for a "claim." Drunken Jim's appearance was decidedly against him, let me say at once; his whole air conveyed a subtle impression of dissipation, loafing and dissatisfaction. What his past had been and where he had come from, no one knew or cared in Kalona. He was taken, as everyone else was in that community, just as he was. Kalona was essentially without frills. Well, there Jim stood that morning. He had been drinking pretty freely with his "partners" and looked his worst. But for his fondness for whiskey he would have been a handsome man, not old-aged, but drink-aged more even than middle-aged. These three men had been working together for some time, and had just returned empty-handed from a dangerous prospecting trip in the Kootenay. No prospect of any value had been "struck," no claim had been taken up. They had reached Kalona City that morning, "dead broke," but the open-handed generosity of a more lucky fellow-pro prospector whom they met, and who happened to have an early and urgent thirst upon him, had given them the "price" over and over again.

"Ye'll strike her rich enuf some day, boys,"

he said, "then maybe you kin do some fur me."

But the three boys themselves felt "kin o' dull," as Greg said, "and tuckered out." They had been grub-staked and had come back with nothing to show for it. Each was wondering if there was much chance of getting another grub-stake soon, perhaps from the same man who had fitted them out two or three months before. They kept on drinking as long as the money they had been given lasted, and after a final cigar, stood by the "house," wandered listlessly out into the street, Jim remarking as he went, "Guess I'll go and see Susan."

"If yer don't mind, we'll call a little later and see yer old woman," said Greg. "Dern me if I don't anyway," he continued.

Ole Pete nodded vigorously several times to show he too would come. Then the comrades separated.

II.—"JIM'S SUSAN."

It was "Jim's Susan," as she was universally known in Kalona City, who formed in some sort the bond between the three prospectors. Greg and Ole Pete had come to like and trust her. "She's been derned good to me and Greg," "That fever would ha' killed me sure but for her," Ole Pete, in his quieter fashion, used to say of her, "She's squar, dern me, if she ain't." And this was the sentiment of Kalona City, which had a certain respect for "Jim's Susan," a sentiment, however, which had been more than once tried by some bad breaks on the part of Susan, who after all was only a somewhat superior member of her class. In her own way there was a little of the heroic about her as about Jim. She had been hardened and knocked out of her full womanhood by the life they had led together for eight years or more, but at heart she was a woman still, nor yet lacking in some faint far-off suggestion of having been fair once, and perhaps even lovely. The relations between the pair were not those of modern society; there was no attempt at keeping up appearances or anything of the sort. They were "partners," and while Jim in his drunken fits would curse and even strike her, she had been faithful to him, and he knew it. Now he was coming home to her; he had been drinking hard that morning and he had no good news for her. He felt "mean," as he expressed it to himself, and this rather made him hard and stern than soft and yielding.

"Hello! Sue," he cried, as he entered the shanty that belonged to him. In a spasm of luck he had bought this shanty and the lot it stood on, and not even in his most drunken fits would he part with it. "Tis a kind o' home," he said; "taint much ter look at, but 'tis a home."

"Hello, Sue," he cried; and with something like a half scream Sue came forward to meet him.

"Tis you, Jim," she said, and stood and looked at him. "What luck?" She saw he had been indulging, and for a moment hoped that Jim had "struck it" rich. She came up near him, and with something new in her manner which puzzled Jim, put her hand on his shoulder and looked with something new also in her eyes into his. Jim was mightily perplexed at Susan, for he had never seen her like this before.

"Hev ye struck it good and rich, Jim?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"No, Sue," returned Jim in a fierce tone, "we had no luck; we never seen nothin', and our time is all lost."

The poor woman for a moment seemed to shrink up and even lose flesh and color. She sat down looking at Jim—Jim, who had once been her glory and her pride—and sighed heavily, but like the sudden breaking of sunlight through mist, a brightness came into Susan's face, something of an inward irradiation, which, Jim noticing, caused him to wonder exceedingly. And Susan straightened her form and a smile came upon her face, such a smile as Jim had never seen upon it. Jim was inclined to resent it; what was there to smile at, anyway? Still she looked at him, and her expression was now wholly tender. What was the meaning of it? pondered Jim in half-sobered fashion. Then Susan stood up and came over to him, and again she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and there was a sort of commanding womanhood about her, even in the very tremulousness of her figure, appealing to and yet compelling Jim, so that he stared at her.

"What is it, Susie?" he said in a half fierce, half sullen whisper.

"I've news for you, Jim," she said, and her eyes grew soft and luminous.

"It's from the East, Sue," he said. "If 'tis I don't want ter hear a word about it. They threw us out cold-blooded and I'm done 'til forever! There is no goin' back for me, by—!"

"No, Jim, taint from the East," said Susan, sitting down on his knees. "The news is from me to you. Kent you understand? My men is dull." She put her arms around his neck and crying softly to herself said brokenly, "O, Jim, Jim, kent you understand, kent you understand? Jim, Jim, there is a child coming to you and me, and I'm as happy as a bird."

And something of the Divine stayed for a moment on her poor face!

"What d'yer say, Sue?" said Jim.

"It's so, 'tis so," said the woman.

Jim rose up, gently seating Susan on a chair, and left the house. Presently he returned and sat down beside her.

"After all these years," he said, "'tis a strange thing, 'tis a wonderful thing! Say't again, Sue, I kent believe it. Say't again, say't again!" he went on in a tone of inward repression, as if he were struggling and striving with himself.

"Yes, Jim, 'tis true," said Susan.

Jim pulled a chair over to the table and, sitting down, buried his face in his hands and thought and thought, and the minutes and the hours went by. Then came knocks at the door, and Greg and Ole Pete entered and found the couple so—Jim sitting at the table with his head huddled up on his hands and arms, and

Jim's Susan sitting near him looking, as they noticed, almost happily at him.

"Well, boys," she said, "yer welcome home again."

They each shook hands with her, and Greg whispered to her, "Is Jim asleep?"

"No, I ain't asleep," said Jim. "I've been thinkin', thinkin'."

Then he stood up and looked at them; he was pale and nervous.

"Boys," he said, "I've jest had news—good news," he said turning to Sue. "I'm glad you come up, but hear me, boys," he said in a quick, hurried, half-ashamed tone, "I ain't no good talkin', only swarin' perhaps, but Drunken Jim from this day never drinks another drop o' liquor. Never a drop! Boys, we've been partners and seen the had and the good together, and I've been with you and you with me. Never a drop o' tanglefoot or anythin' else I'll touch again, because of the news, and I'll tell you what the news is by and by. By the eternal, I swear it—no more fur me."

Greg stood up and took his hand.

"Best word I've heard for many a day," he said.

Ole Pete, with subtler sympathy, went and took Susan's hand and muttered something in his teeth no one heard. Then Greg came up to Susan and said, "Old woman, I'm derned glad. I'll help him keep it."

"Boys," said Jim, "we'll go and get grub-staked again as soon as possible. I know we'll hev luck now, because of the news. I'll tell you what 'tis to-day, and you'll know it's the luck come at last, and we'll go and find it."

III.—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

What was practically a new contract of comradeship was made that day between the three men. All afternoon they were together, and Jim suffered silently. Around the saloons they met many an old tough and loungeer who wondered why there were no treats going, but they walked and walked, talking but little.

"Boys," said Jim at last, "we know each other well, and least said the best." Then he stopped and looking at them both said, "I've not been too good ter Susan, but you are both our friends. Well, Susan told me—can't yer guess?" he said.

They both shook their heads.

"Well, 'tis just this: Susan is going to be the mother of my child, and when she told me it came so derned sudden that I was knocked clean out. But I never did a real mean thing in my life if I knew it, and I said to myself, 'I'll stay by her'; and as it is this drinkin' which has been the worst about me and kept me from going ahead, well, I'll quit it if I have to fight all the devils in hell. That's all, boys."

Both men were silent, but they seemed as if were to press in closer on Jim as they walked on each side of him, mutely showing him their sympathy.

Then, after a time, Greg said in his simple, manly fashion:

"Derned if I ain't glad. Sue was mighty good ter me when I had that cussed fever."

Ole Pete said softly to himself:

"God, he'll hev to keep it or—or I'll kill him."

There were many comments in the bars and saloons usually frequented in Kalona on the absence of Drunken Jim; many a question asked. Late that night Greg and Ole Pete appeared at the Golden Star, where they lived, and in answer to enquiries about Jim said: "O, Jim's quit." What! Jim quit! What would happen next!

Among the crowd at the Star was the man who had sent them out before, who had grub-staked them. He silently beckoned Greg to go outside the hotel.

"What's this you say?" he asked.

"Jim's quit," said Greg.

"Quit for good? Kin he quit for good?"

"Yes, he kin, and he will; we've all quit and would like nothin' better than to go out for you agen. This time we'll hev luck, sure. I feel it comin', I know it," said Greg.

"Tell yer what, I'll make a bargain with yer. If you'll stay in town for two days and Jim don't make no break, I'll set you up again; dern me—Jim's quit! Dern me, Greg, what done it?"

"Well, taint my business," said Greg. "but I guess it's a go; Jim's quit."

The next two days Jim suffered, but he had been told that they would be grub-staked again; and Greg or Ole Pete kept near him. Meanwhile the preparations for their prospecting trip were going on, and on the third day all was in readiness. Everything was ready for the start. Greg and Ole Pete came around to Jim's shanty, and helping Jim's heavy pack on to his shoulders said good-bye to Susan with a new and indescribable manner, which found expression in Greg saying to her:

"Jim's quit."

"Yes, fur good," added Ole Pete.

They then gave her a little package into her hand and went on their way, leaving Kalona but hardly awake, as the morning mist rose in dreamy but stately fashion away up Kalona Creek. Susan found that they had left their grub-stake money with her when she had opened the package. She stood and watched them till a sharp scarp of the mountain side suddenly hid them from view, and she went back into her shanty sighing, but happier than she had been for many a day.

"Jim cares more for the unborn child than fer me," she said; "but I'll win him back again perhaps."

Months and months passed, and Susan's baby was born. They had been long and weary months of waiting, not always well borne, but the rough miners were kind after their fashion and she had got through her troubles fairly well.

Then one evening Greg, the shadow of his former self, and Ole Pete, looking as old as the centuries, made their entrance into Kalona City, and once more put up at the Golden Star. Their appearance was so forlorn that the proprietor of the Star (I must give him that title or I know he will be offended) said:

"Back agen, boys! Glad ter see ye, though ye look out o' luck agen. Shake! Did ye do any good this time?"

"Yes, we've found the Luck," said Greg, "and it's a buster;" but his tone was sad and heavy.

"There ain't no mine in Idaho thet I knows on thet can compare with our find," said Ole Pete. "But we'll tell you all by and by. Give

us something to eat and drink; we've hed to do some starvin', and it ain't pleasant!"

Next morning the two men were sitting in their room and their hearts were heavy, for though they had found the Luck they had grievous news to tell poor Susan, for the discovery of the Luck had been purchased at the cost of Jim's life. Trained prospectors, they guessed enough of the value of their claim to know that it was exceedingly rich, but all the riches of the world would not bring back to life Jim, lying out there battered and broken at the foot of the precipice which still stands to day as the outward wall of the Widow's Mite, Idaho's greatest mine. They made enquiries about Susan, heard of her child being born, and that she was well. Then they hastened to her, but which was to tell the story? Not agreeing about this, they went on to the shanty, Jim's shanty, and from mere force of habit Greg knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" asked Susan, and there was a wail of a baby which made both men start like guilty beings.

"Tis I, Greg," at last he said.

"Greg, Greg," she cried, running and opening the door. "Where's Jim?"

Somewhat between Greg and Ole Pete they told her all. She was still weak and little able to bear much, but she held her child close to her bosom and managed to take in most of what was said. As they were leaving her they said, each in his own way, to her:

"Jim's quit," said Greg.

"Yes, fur good," said Ole Pete.

Then the papers got hold of Greg and obtained the whole story of the discovery of their wonderful "prospects." For months they had wandered among the mountains without finding a vein or sign of any promise, but Jim had kept them going on, going on. "We'll find the Luck," he kept on saying, "I know it, I know it," and with the superstition of the mining world they went along. It was in the winter when the Luck came. The three men had separated one afternoon, keeping so near each other, however, that the sound of one voice might be heard by the others, when Greg heard a rustle, then a faint cry.

"Jim," he shouted, without getting a reply.

"Ole Pete," he yelled as hard as he could, and then plunged forward in the direction of the faint cry he had heard.

He barely managed to catch his huge body from going over a precipice as he went along, and there as he looked down was the form of Jim at the bottom. As quickly as he could he managed by a round-about way to get to Jim's side, and in a moment more Ole Pete joined him. Jim's life was fast ebbing away.

"That's the Luck, boys," he said, pointing to the precipice, "it's all silver—solid, solid. I fell over it, but I saw it first. It's rich, rich," he murmured weakly, "but I'm through. Give Susan my share—poor Sue."

And shortly afterwards Jim quit for good.

The Widow's Mite—so called from Susan's share in it—was afterwards sold for an immense sum, making Greg and Ole Pete and Jim's Susan very rich. They live in these mountains still, though they will soon move to the East for the sake of Jim's child, but when they go they will go together, for they are bound as one and welded even as steel by the memory of "Drunken Jim."

The Theaters Next Week.

Next week Frohman's superb company will present Charlie's Aunt at the Grand. This is a new comedy by Brandon Thomas and is really one of the funniest things produced for a long time. Good critics declare that nothing equal to it has been brought out since the Private Secretary made its appearance. The whole town is sure to turn out to the Grand next week.

A Flag of Truce comes to Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week. The story tells of an attempt by the villain to defame a gallant soldier, and also to rob that soldier's brother of his true and loving wife. The eldest son of a quaint old Rhode Island farmer goes to war, his brother, the hero, remaining home to support the family. The villain makes it appear that the soldier has deserted, and the brother to protect his honorable family name rushes to the front to take his place. The conscienceless scoundrel then plots the death of both brothers, through a false flag of truce, meanwhile winning the gratitude of the wife by appearing to aid the family. It is a cleverly told story of falsehood and deceit mastered by true love and honor. The comedy, always introduced before any of the more sombre elements become tiresome, involves the trials of a couple of exuberant and devoted young lovers. Matinees will be given on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The series of literary and musical entertainments known as Kleiser's Star Course promises to enter upon its third season with greater popularity than ever. Already a very large number of prominent citizens have renewed their subscriptions, while many new names have been added to the list. The Course includes such well known names as Grenville P. Kleiser, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, General Lew Wallace and the Mozart Symphony Club. The opening number takes place at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, October 25, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Rev. William Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham and many others. On this occasion Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser will be heard in his new monologue, David Copperfield, dramatized by Mr. Kleiser from the favorite story of Charles Dickens. The acts will be interspersed with orchestral music under the direction of Mr. John Bayley.

His Only Line.

The applicant for work was sad, but firm. "I cannot," he insisted, "stoop to deceive people."

The manager of the museum pondered. "That's unfortunate," he answered finally. "That leaves you only the ossified man act, and we've got more talent in that line than we can use now."

Really deception without stooping was confined to that particular specialty.—*Detroit Tribune.*

speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2 50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

Among other instances of Dr. Isaac Barrow's wit and vivacity, the following set to between him and the profligate Lord Rochester is related, in which the doctor certainly had the best of it: These two gentlemen meeting one day at court, while Barrow was king's chaplain ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippancy and a low formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to any shoe-tie." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the center;" which was as smartly followed by Barrow with, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being foiled by one he called "a musty old

DON'T
WORRY!

Black and white dresses with *blust* accessories are very effective. Thus a skirt of black satin and *moire* blocks an inch and a quarter square is bordered with flat white *guipure* laced with nail heads above a narrow box-pleating of black satin ribbon. The round waist of white satin is covered with jetted *guipure* lace (cut from the piece) with drooping blouse front and straight back. Over the *guipure* falls a rain fringe of jet, and a collar of *bluet velvet* is added, with large box-pleats that flare out and upward almost to the ears. The large sleeves are draped by bows at the elbow. A black satin dress has a full blouse front of *bluet velvet*, which has a shower of jet fringe upon it like that just noted. The broad plain black is relieved by a point of *bluet velvet* inserted under jet galloon, and there are similar *bluet* points falling from the belt halfway to the knee on each side of the satin skirt. The soft collar and draped belt have *choux* of *bluet velvet* on the sides, and a fan of velvet *choux* is inserted in the full top of the sleeves. Rough-surfaced stuffs of mixed colors rival plain smooth cloths in the street gowns imported for autumn and winter. *Boucle* cloths are soft curly loops of black mohair as glossy as silk on loosely woven grounds of *bluet*, dark, green, or brown. Zibelline and deerly animal-hair have tufts of rose or cerise or checks of two shades of brown or gray, or else jet *bluet* on black and green blocks. Coarse couratte threads are effective on plaids and stripes of darker shades. Blue and brown are mostly worn in basket squares and flecked with tan-color. The trimming for these stuffs is velvet, sometimes of the prevailing color, but more often of the color least used in the fabric, thus accentuating the contrast. Ladies' cloth with smooth glossy surface comes in very striking colors, the new *bluet*, cerise, and other purplish reds, and bright green among them, which are often made more showy still by a contrasting color being used for the velvet

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IT BRINGS
COMFORT
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A black and white illustration of a person wearing a trench coat and a hat, crouching behind a large camera mounted on a tripod. The camera's lens is pointed towards the left, where the text is located. The person's hands are on the camera, and they appear to be adjusting it. The background is dark, and the overall style is that of a vintage advertisement.

Our Weekly Original Story

Come, Pete!

PETE Smith was, or had been, a miner, but at the time at which this story opens had been for some years resident at one of the villages on the Texan frontier, in order, presumably, to enjoy the advantages of civilization, but possibly because he found from sad experience that those who were going to the mines had more money than those who came back and that there was a good deal more profit in selling mining outfits to intending explorers than in mining on his own account. Anyway, he was recognized as the leading authority on mines and mining in the town and his advice and assistance were much sought after by the many would-be millionaires, who hoped, with Pete's help, to accumulate a fortune with pan and shovel.

He was a queer, silent man; tall and lean, with dark, questioning eyes, that produced a most uncomfortable, creepy feeling when you looked into them; a face that the modern descriptive writer would term a "strong" one, though his companions respected him more for the strength of his muscles than of his features; for that attribute had been made unpleasantly apparent to not a few of them. His evenings were invariably spent in the saloon down at the corner, where he was noted for one peculiarity. Every night when the clock struck nine Pete would rise from his seat, knock the ashes out of his pipe and with a muttered "good night" leave the room. It mattered not who was there or what was going on, every night at the same hour he strode out and none cared to ask him the reason why; for his story was well known to most of them and was sure to be the first of the traditions of the place that newcomers would be regaled with.

Years ago, the old-timers would tell you, when Pete came to the settlement he brought his young wife with him, a fair, slight girl, with light brown hair and great gray eyes that had taken Pete's heart captive a few months before. Not a well assorted couple, you say? Yes, they were; for she loved Pete and he fairly worshipped the ground she trod on; they were always together and never seemed as happy anywhere as in each other's company. In the evenings Pete would often light his pipe and stroll down to the tavern and join in the song and story with a cheerfulness that betokened the absence of all care, and every evening when he did so the little woman he loved, when her evening's work was done, would throw a shawl over her shoulders and follow him; punctually at nine she would put her head in at the saloon door and call, "Come, Pete," and her husband never failed to rise and follow her.

This went on for a couple of years or so, till one day it was whispered around the village that "Pete's woman" was sick, for the blinds in the store were pulled down and kind-hearted women silently shook their heads as they passed each other on the narrow path leading to Pete's house. Indoors Pete sat by his wife's side holding both her hands in his, and barely comprehending what the doctor meant when he hinted something about sending for a clergyman; then they called him aside and told him plainly that she was dying. There was no outcry and no paroxysm of grief—his eyes were dry, and yet twenty years of life seemed to have passed over him as with bowed head and faltering step he went back to his place beside the unconscious form of his darling. Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw him; raising herself with a tremendous effort she drew him towards her with her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Come, Pete!"

There was a general belief in the village that Pete's wife still came for him night after night as she had done in her lifetime. Some few there were who ridiculed the notion, but their incredulity was more than counterbalanced by the testimony of others who averred that they had seen the latch of the door move before Pete touched it, and one went so far as to say that he had seen the door open of itself to permit him to pass out. Be that as it may, no one ever offered to walk home with him, nor would any one of them dare to go to his house after his return home at night. No one cared to arouse his anger by asking him about it, and he never in any way referred to the matter or gave the curious any inkling as to whether he went home alone or not. His heart knew its own bitterness, and if that angelic presence put her hand in his and nightly led him homeward along the familiar path, it was equally plain that a stranger should not intermeddle with his joy.

Years went on, and the tavern frequenters got used to Pete's ways and ceased to talk about his old, abrupt leave-taking. In fact, they scarcely noticed it, so well understood was it that every night at nine o'clock Pete would glance at the door, and ere the clock finished striking get up and go out. One day, however, the regular routine of their lives was interrupted. That afternoon Pete had been out with a party of prospectors who were looking for a location. They were walking along the base of a precipitous mountain in ignorance of the fact that some miners were preparing to set a charge near the summit, each party being hidden from the other by intervening brush. A boulder loosened by the explosion came tearing down the steep side of the mountain, and as it neared the ground it crashed through the light underbrush and struck Pete fairly in the side, knocking him senseless. Tenderly they picked him up and carried him to the tavern, where the doctor hastily summoned confirmed the worst fears of those who were not unused to such accidents, "serious internal injuries; cannot live." They made him as comfortable as they could and waited in silence for some sign of returning consciousness. As the clock struck eight he opened his eyes and seemed to be counting the strokes, and painfully shook his head when they asked him if he could get him anything. An hour passed amid silence broken only by the howling of the wind that rattled the window panes and drove the dust in blinding clouds along the deserted road. With the first stroke of nine he opened his

eyes once more, raised his arm as if to embrace someone, and almost shouted, "I'm co—!" A terrific gust of wind that made the building shake and quiver, drowned his voice. It burst open the frail latch of the door and extinguished the solitary oil lamp that had flickered and spluttered in the draught; and when the terrified watchers closed the door and re-lighted the lamp, they saw by the calm smile on his face that all was over.

Pete had come. And you will waste your time, dear reader, if you attempt to explain to any of those who were present that the gust of wind was due to purely natural causes, for there is not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood who does not firmly believe that Pete's wife came in storm and terror that night and took him home with her forever.

TORONTO Oct. 8. F. W. MONTEITH.

Fin de Siecle.

A Sketch Intelligible only to those who Read New Books.

The tide swept majestically, weirdly, slowly in upon the rocks. They stood in silent contemplation. Fierce lay the glare of the setting sun upon the desert of waters. Its glow kissed her hair and tinted its red. Or was it— But, no! Why strive to solve the mysteries of being? Let the world roll on upon its pathway of deathless life and lifeless death—grinding, driving—bah!

She shivered. "Are you afraid?" he said. "Afraid!" she repeated. "And must not death come at some time? Better now, before the world owes me another debt of ingratitude."

He sighed. "True." And the tide rose slowly. It had reached their knees. He trembled. "Ah," she said. "No—it is not fear. I spurn the thought. The water is cold."

She smiled. "Always the Disagreeable Man." He nodded. The tide had risen to their waists. She was smaller than he. She rested her hand on his arm.

"You promised to tell me when the waters rose. Now, tell me." Pleadingly she gazed deep into his eyes. "Tell me."

Gloom—deep, impenetrable—settled upon his face. "And you are ready to bear it?" She set her teeth firmly. "Tell me what you have done."

"You are quite ready?" he repeated with intense agony. "Tell me what you have done that you should thus seek death in the tide with me?"

Through his drawn lips the words came: "I have written Trolleys That Pass in the Day." For a moment she swayed as though she would fall. Her cheek paled. He put out his hand to support her.

"No," she said. And he knew. The tide had risen to their shoulders. "And you?" She shook her head.

"You must speak." She shook her head. "Speak! I command you!"

And he gripped her wrist fiercely, that one could hear something crack. Was it his fingers that cracked—or her queenly wrist? Perhaps—bah! Why solve these problems that harrow the soul into a keen sense-realization of its nothingness?

Nothingness!—pshaw—the soul— But we must on. "It is well then. You shall not speak!"

"Ha! You say that. I will speak." "You shall not!"

"I will. I wrote—" His hand was upon her mouth. Fiercely she struggled against the brute force of the man. Muffled sounds came from under his hand. They swayed back and forth, as in mortal combat. Then suddenly she wrenched loose from him.

"I wrote The Infernal Triplets," she shrieked. And the tide closed in silence upon them.

Judge.

Nitro-Glycerine

So it could not be! Young Professor Davidson stood before the class in chemistry, demonstrating the properties and possibilities of nitro-glycerine; but his mind was fixed on a certain other experiment which had been undertaken by him, in one of the upper alcoves of the college library, the previous evening.

There had been a brilliant college reception in the beautiful library building, and Miss Andrews had sat out one of the dances with the professor in an upper alcove overlooking the floor. There the young man, maddened by his long-cherished passion, the "tumultuous privacy" which hedged them in, Miss Andrews accentuated loveliness in *tulle* and the rose-color of girlish excitement, but particularly by the fact that she had danced nine successive dances with her handsome class-mate, Kenfield Marsh, and was at that very moment covertly watching him with shining eyes—maddened, I say, by all these things, Professor Davidson had done what he little dreamed of doing that

evening—proposed to Mabel Andrews, the pride of the senior class.

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Two minutes later, the twain were descending the little spiral staircase. Mabel's face had suddenly grown almost as white as the swan's down she carried in her hand. Professor Davidson followed her with a face as unchanged, inscrutable, imperturbable as bronze, but a heart whose fierce anguish seemed like the rending of a beast.

The girl had gone straight to Kenfield Marsh. Thus far the half-blinded eyes of the professor had followed her. Then he found himself rushing on alone through the great, peaceful starlit night.

Now he was standing once more before the class—before her, and Kenfield Marsh, and a score of other young happy faces. The subject of the lecture was nitro-glycerine. There was a jar of that substance on the table, side by side with a jar of water.

How handsome they were—she and young Kenfield Marsh! Marsh sat directly behind her in class. Now and then she turned her head just a little and smiled, and Marsh saw it and understood, though there was no meeting of eyes. Happy young fellow—maddeningly, imperceptibly happy!

There again—that almost imperceptible interchange. My God! how a man's heart can be torn without losing a single organic tissue!

"You will observe, young ladies and gentlemen," said the professor mechanically, "that the eye can detect no difference between the substances in these two jars. One of them contains plain, every-day water. The other contains nitro-glycerine, in sufficient amount, should it explode, to blow this entire building into atoms and wait every one of us into eternity."

The class smiled—rather nervously, and applauded—rather lightly. "I will now show you the process of manufacturing dynamite," continued the professor. He stepped back, took a shallow dish filled with sawdust from a cabinet, and placed it on the table.

"In order that you may observe the process more clearly, I will move the table a little nearer the class; and that I may not endanger your lives while so doing, or spill this water on the floor, and so make a mess for the janitor, I will set these two jars on the lower bench while I move the table forward."

Professor Davidson picked up the jar of nitro-glycerine and the jar of water very carefully, one in each hand, and advanced toward the class. As he did so, a perfectly comprehensible impulse caused him to raise his eyes to the third bench—the front row of young ladies.

Miss Andrews was blushing rosily and radiantly. Kenfield Marsh was just settling back in his seat, with a flush overspreading his handsome face and a smile on his lips.

Suddenly all the strength seemed to go out of the professor's hands. His nerves trembled like leaves in a gust of wind. He made a quick step forward—stopped—shuddered. Then one of the jars slipped from his fingers, and the staring class watched it falling, as it were for ages, to the floor.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

Fixing the Responsibility.

"How did you find matters over at Boomopolis?" asked the able editor of the *Hawville Clarion*, of Colonel Handy Polk, the enterprising real-estate agent, who had been spending a few days in a neighboring settlement.

"There is nothing going on over there worth mentioning," replied the colonel, "except a lively row between the rain-makers, the Salvation Army, and a few other parties over who deserves the credit for breaking up the long drought. You see, the town offered a purse of two hundred dollars for a good, soaking rain, and just about the time the rain-makers began operations the Salvation Army commenced praying for the same blessing. Both parties labored zealously, and three or four days ago the rain came down in torrents. Well, then, when the rain-makers came up for their money, the Salvationists put in a claim for it on the ground that the flood was produced by prayer and not by mechanical means. A little later, here came the Methodists, with the announcement that the credit belonged to neither party, but to a kind and beneficent Providence alone; while up jumped the Populists with the pessimistic assertion that it rained because they were having a basket picnic on that day. What few infidels there are in the settlement deny the claims of everybody else, and say that it rained just because it happened to. Hop Wing, the Chinese laundryman, credits the blessing to his Joss, in a sort of left-handed way, alleging that he got tired of pampering his idol to no purpose, and whirled in and pounded the blockhead regularly every day till the lazy rascal got down to business and made it rain. It looks as if the court would have to be called in to

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straighten out the complication. Meanwhile, several farmers living on the bottom land along Bitter Creek are patiently waiting for the responsibility to be fixed, so that they can begin action for damages on account of their crops having been washed out by the flood.—Puck.

Died Standing on his Feet.

About an hour before sunset last evening, Mary Gansely, a servant in the employ of John Roach, a farmer living near Searsville, started out to drive up the cows. She had gone but a short distance along the road when she saw a man standing up against the stone wall, or fence. The perfect quiet which he maintained, with the ghastly pallor of his face, attracted the woman's attention, and on closer observation she was horrified to find that he was dead.

The foregoing is quoted from the *Middleton Argus* of November 4, 1892—an American newspaper.

Now let us see what lessons the untimely demise of poor Pat Burke has for some other people who, no doubt, fancy themselves safe from such a sudden taking off.

Mr. Thomas Hatt of Widmore End, High Wycombe, Bucks, was a healthy enough man up to April, 1886. Then he began to weaken and fail. Why he should be ill he couldn't conjecture. So far as he could remember he had done nothing to bring it on. He felt surprised, as a man does at receiving an unexpected blow from behind. His nerves were all of a jangle, he had a bad taste in his mouth, and a sort of agonizing sensation as though the very life were ebbing out of him. His hands and feet were cold and clammy and he often broke out into cold sweats. Dark spots were all the time floating before his eyes, his appetite left him, and when he did eat anything it lay upon him heavy and dull and seemed to cause a gnawing, grinding pain.

"After a time," says Mr. Hatt, "I had pain and palpitation at the heart, which I was told was heart disease. At night my heart would thump so hard I could not go to sleep; it pounded like a muffled drum. After a while the heart trouble got so bad I was afraid to go to bed, and used to sit up nearly all night long. Later on I became so melancholy and nervous that I trembled from head to foot as I went about. I worked a little when I was able, but was always in pain. A doctor in Frogmore Gardens treated me for some time, but gave me no relief. I thought I might die any day, for I looked upon my complaint as heart disease. I seemed to be walking in darkness on a narrow footpath between life and death."

Yet the days, weeks, and months dragged by; I could only wait. It was in October, 1886, that I first read of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I can't say I had any faith in it, but there was so much reason and sense in the published accounts of what it had done, that I got a bottle from Messrs. Lansdale & Co., Chemists, Queen's Square, and began to use it. Expecting little or nothing, I received much, for in two days I felt the welcome relief, and after having taken three bottles I found myself in good health; and have been so ever since—that, for six years. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think it might be useful to others, and I shall be glad to answer inquiries. I am a chairmaker by trade, and in the employ of Mr. Gibson, Slater Street, High Wycombe. Yours truly (signed) Thomas Hatt, November 15th, 1892.

Well, you say, how does poor Pat Burke's case connect with Mr. Hatt's? That's what we are going to tell you. The inquest showed that Burke had no organic disease of the heart at all. When the doctors cut the heart out of his body they could find no signs of disease about it. What killed him so quickly then? Listen and learn. The heart derives its motion from the same set of nerves (the pneumogastric) that move the stomach and lungs. These nerves, poisoned and paralyzed by the acids bred by indigestion and dyspepsia, ceased at last to have power over the heart. Then what? It collapsed in a minute, and the man died before he had time even to lie down on the ground. What a terrible thing! Yet everybody is liable to a like fate who doesn't watch out against indigestion.

We congratulate Mr. Hatt on his escape. But it was long odds against him at one time.

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Music.

THE practical or more mundane aspects of a life devoted to the profession of music are too frequently lost sight of by musicians who oftentimes appear to forget that there are many other sides to an artist's life besides the purely spiritual, æsthetic or ethereal conditions inseparably associated with the art divine. It is sometimes pointed out by some of our critics, whose observations, it may be incidentally mentioned, must of course be very superficial, that the peculiar life of a musician disqualifies him for participation in the more earnest, or rather more practical, affairs of life. Hence it is sometimes hastily assumed by some that because certain members of the profession show themselves extremely one-sided in their culture, that the great fraternity of musicians must of necessity generally answer the qualifications of a certain species of cranks and noodles, specimens of whom it must unfortunately be admitted can be found in the realm of music as well as in medicine or law or any other profession. It should not, for instance, be taken for granted, because some musicians, or perhaps many of them, lack a sufficient knowledge of the primary principles of bookkeeping to remember to pay their debts, that this failing is of necessity associated with the profession generally. It might be pointed out that many of our most successful musicians, both native and foreign, have served apprenticeships and in some instances have practiced successfully in other professions before finally deciding upon a life devoted entirely to music. Some have, strange as it may appear, honorably engaged in commercial pursuits before taking up music professionally, thus proving that a proper appreciation of the finer aspects of the abstract and spiritual features of music does not necessarily depend upon a narrow culture or an intellectual condition bordering upon imbecility. Indeed, the success of modern musicians is contingent largely upon their general culture and practical common sense. It might not be difficult to demonstrate that the necessary qualifications of a properly equipped musician of our times demand, besides a natural talent for the profession, an intellectual reserve in the mastery of the complicated theoretical study in connection with his profession quite equal to that expected of the most exacting of the so-called learned professions. No profession is, perhaps, so religiously misunderstood as that of music, and the most ardent champion of the cause will no doubt cheerfully admit that much that has been said and written concerning musicians has not been altogether undeserved. As public taste improves, however, and the public are educated to discriminate between the pretense of charlatans and the honest effort of properly qualified musicians, the old-time idea will be surely and completely eradicated.

Having thus somewhat timidly ventured upon an "earthy" aspect of an ethereal calling, I would draw attention to some extracts of the theorizing of a much disturbed Chicago writer, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, who boldly comes out in an article entitled Music and Nutrition, and after carefully demonstrating that musicians, like other mortals, require to eat and drink, proceeds to enlighten the profession as to what their bill-of-fare should consist of. Mr. Perry says: "We may theorize and rhapsodize as much as we please about pure spirituality, abstract intelligence, impersonal emotions and mind's independence of matter, the fact remains that all these things are dependent upon physical conditions for their slightest manifestation if not for their very existence. . . . The human system can only obtain the necessary chemical elements wherewith to generate much needed nervous force from pure air and from certain articles of food, which have been carefully tabulated by chemists, according to the percentage of valuable properties contained in each, and may be referred to at will. For the unscientific it is surely easy to remember that these elements are chiefly contained in meat, fish, butter, eggs, milk and the whole cereals before they have been tampered with by modern milling processes. No vocation, in my opinion, makes such intense and incessant demands upon the nervous organism as does the study or profession of music. . . . Eggs contain more nutriment for brain and nerves to the bulk than any other food, and can be broken into a glass and eaten with a pinch of salt once or twice a day if necessary. A little Liebig's extract of beef in a cup of boiling water will also be of marked assistance when the nutriment has not been sufficient for the day's work." Mr. Perry does not believe in alcoholic or other stimulants to afford needed energy and vital power, not even such comparatively innocent ones as tea and coffee, still less drugs, and draws a comparison between the large number of nervous collapses among music students in America and the very rare occurrences of the same sort among German students, severe as the standards of the latter are. This Mr. Perry attributes to the plain fare about which American young ladies in Germany complain so bitterly, and which consists principally of black bread, *Ochsenfleisch* and a large variety of succulent vegetables, to the partial exclusion of the beloved and starchy potato. "In consequence of which," he says, "they do more work, make more progress and feel more enthusiasm than at any other period of their lives." Mr. Perry, however, says nothing about the nutritive qualities of Bavarian beer, to the effects of which much of the "enthusiasm" and buoyancy he speaks of among students in Germany might perhaps be ascribed with some reason.

Miss Jessie Perry, a young lady of exceptional talent, has been appointed organist of the Northern Congregational church. The musical committee of this church are to be congratulated upon the choice they have made, as Miss Perry bids fair to become one of the most brilliant organists in the city. At the June examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music her remarkably clever work won universal commendation, it being the unanimous

opinion of the examiners that more finished performances than those given by her in her grade had never been heard at the institution. As was mentioned in this column some time since, the position of choirmaster at this church had been offered to and accepted by Mr. A. E. Huestis, a gentleman whose experience, personal qualities and vocal ability eminently qualify him for the work he has undertaken. One may therefore confidently expect the choir of the Northern Congregational church to eventually take its place among the best in the city.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the well known Canadian tenor, who has taken up his abode in England, is rapidly coming to the front in that country. He has already accepted a number of concert engagements for the coming season, among the most prominent of which may be instanced an important concert at the Blackheath Conservatory of Music, London, on November 6; the tenor solos in Drorak's Spectre Bride, at the Crystal Palace, under Augustus Manns, on November 10, and an engagement to sing at a fashionable concert at the beautiful Erard Hall on November 17. His services are in considerable demand as an instructor, and his success generally in his adopted home seems already assured.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto has added to its list of patronesses the names of Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. George Arthur, who have thus kindly identified themselves with the interests of the organization. The chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir is now complete, all the parts being filled. Among the chorists are some seven or eight prominent choir directors, and the solo talent of at least fifteen of our city church choirs. As might be expected, a splendid quality of tone is the result of the care exercised in the selection of voices. A list of the works to be produced at the first concert, with the names of eminent foreign solo talent and date of the concert, will be announced shortly.

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Hunter, Mr. J. R. Walker, Dr. Trow, Mr. W. J. McWhinney, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Holden of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Miss O'Hara of Columbus, Ohio, Miss Gibson of Edinburgh, Scotland, Miss Morton, Miss Kennedy, Miss Mathews, Miss Gooderham, Miss Madeline Gooderham and Miss Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick A. Ryan have taken up house at 683 Spadina avenue, where Mrs. Ryan will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday next.

Mrs. W. B. Fraiche of Nanapanee, who has been visiting Mrs. Webb of Inglewood, has returned home.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bedells and family, formerly of St. James avenue, have returned from Dunedin Cottage, Island Park, and now reside at 30 Nanton crescent, Rosedale.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis gave a musical evening on Wednesday for Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jarvis of Fort William, who have been spending a brief

A number of teas have been given during the week, partaking of the impromptu suggested when the invitation is inaudibly "halloed" through a recalcitrant telephone.

Mrs. James' tea at Benvenuto was the social event of the week, when a very smart and large

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Never were our Pianos so good, and never were we in a position to offer such special inducements to Piano purchasers. Call and see. A visit to our warehouses will be amply repaid. Bargains are to be found on every floor. Catalogues and Price Lists will be mailed to any address.

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turnout of guests and some charming music, combined to render the affair of musical interest. Mrs. James received in an exquisite gown of green mink velvet, and the Misses James wore dainty Parisian gowns. M. Musin and Mr. DeKoven, the interpreter and maker of music who have delighted Toronto this week, were among the guests at Benvenuto.

Mr. George Gooderham, with several members of his family, are booked to sail for Europe very shortly.

Prof. Alexander.

There have been many able exponents of the science of Human Nature in the field at various times, but none at any time or any place have made the brilliant success that has attended Prof. Alexander, who will be before the public here next week at the Auditorium. The New York Sun in a lengthy article speaks of his success as "phenomenal," and the press of the larger cities all over the country have given him the most flattering testimonials ever accorded one in his profession. In the neighboring cities of the province the theaters and halls where he has lectured have been crowded night after night, and the papers have been filled with phenomenal items and references. The professor arrived in town last night and will deliver his first lecture on Monday evening.

Residence For Sale.

ONE of the MOST PERFECT HOMES in this growing metropolis, being that entirely new, truly superb, cabinet finished, brown stone, pressed brick, detached residence.

No. 170 Isabella St., N. W. cor. of Sherbourne. Two elegant bathrooms, genteel private lavatory, exposed sanitary plumbing and combined hot water and hot air heating. Now is the very time to purchase. Rock bottom price; very small amount of cash required and low interest. Ready for immediate occupancy. Apply to, or address, A. WILDS, 1 Toronto St., cor. King St. Tel. 1055.

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- No. 1 Fresh Clover Honey in Comb, the price lot of the Exhibition. This week only we offer them at 12c. per section, regular price 15c.
- No. 2 Introductory week for Josiah Webb's Pure Cocoa: makes a delicious beverage; absolutely pure and in price excellent value, at 7c. per lb. tin. For this week only; it is a bargain.
- No. 3 Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea. The merits of Oolong Tea is but lightly recognized. The genuine Formosa makes a delightful drink, at 80c. per lb., the regular price; it is good value. This week only 60c. per lb.
- No. 4 Clavier's Glycerine Soap—the finest in the world. The importance of using good toilet soap can hardly be overestimated; 10c. per cake places it within the reach of everyone. At 7c. per cake, this week only, it should be an inducement to give it a trial.

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Births.

FERRIER—Oct. 9, Mrs. Walter Ferrier—a son.
DOLAN—Oct. 7, Mrs. J. F. Dolan—a son.
KEEFER—Oct. 7, Mrs. W. Napier Keefe—a daughter.
RUSSELL—Sept. 3, India, Mrs. Norman Russell—a son.
DREWRY—Oct. 5, Mrs. W. H. Drewry—a son.
ROOPE—Oct. 4, Mrs. A. G. Roope—a daughter.
CARROLL—Oct. 5, Mrs. W. G. Carroll—a son.
MEACHEM—Sept. 19, Mrs. F. O. Mechem—a son.
RICE—Sept. 30, Mrs. O. F. Rice—a son.
ROY—Oct. 2, Mrs. F. Roy—two daughters.
CLEMENT—Oct. 2, Mrs. W. H. P. Clement—a daughter.

Marriages.

WRIGHT—MILLER—On Wednesday, Oct. 10, at the residence of the bride's mother, 206 Wellington street west, by Rev. John Downie, B.D., uncle of the bride, Alexander A. Wright, secretary of the Victoria Harbor Luncheon Co., Toronto, to Lillian E., eldest daughter of Mr. E. J. Miller.
GARDNER—TENNANT—Oct. 3, James Gardner to W. Tennant.
MCKILLOP—MACDONALD—Oct. 3, David McKillop to Ethel MacDonald.
HEYD—BUCK—Oct. 3, George D. Heyd to Annie C. Buck.
BURROW—REYNOLDS—Sept. 28, Hyde, James Orony Burrows to Annie Newbold.
HOSWOOD—JONES—Sept. 18, J. C. B. Hoswood to Mary Ethel Jones.
ROSE—HALLIDAY—Oct. 10, Robert A. Rose to Margaret Halliday.
HILL—JOHNSON—Oct. 10, Frederic W. Hill to Henrietta Johnson.
McDONAGH—McDONNELL—Oct. 10, F. McDonagh to Alice McDonnell.

SMITH—FLEWELLYN—Oct. 10, Frank Smith to A. A. M. Flewellyn.
HEWSON—CURTIS—Oct. 6, John Arthur Hewson to Emily F. Curtis.

Deaths.

RICHARDS—October 4, Hor. Stephen Richards, aged 74.
McLEAN—October 3, Thomas McLean, aged 65.
FARMER—October 7, William Farmer, aged 59.
GEDDES—October 10, Samuel F. Geddes, aged 23.
WESTWOOD—October 10, Frank B. Westwood, aged 18.
KERR—October 9, Edwin B. Kerr, aged 43.
INGERSOLL—October 10, John McNaab Ingersoll, aged 40.
SHAW—October 9, Vera Christina Shaw, aged 31.

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Paris, Oct. 17, 11 a.m. New York, Oct. 31, 11 a.m.
Berlin, Oct. 24, 11 a.m. Paris, Nov. 7, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

FOR ANTWERP
Friesland, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 7.30 a.m.
Belgenland, Saturday, Oct. 20, 9.30 a.m.
Rhinland, Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1.30 p.m.

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